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THE ART ALBUM.





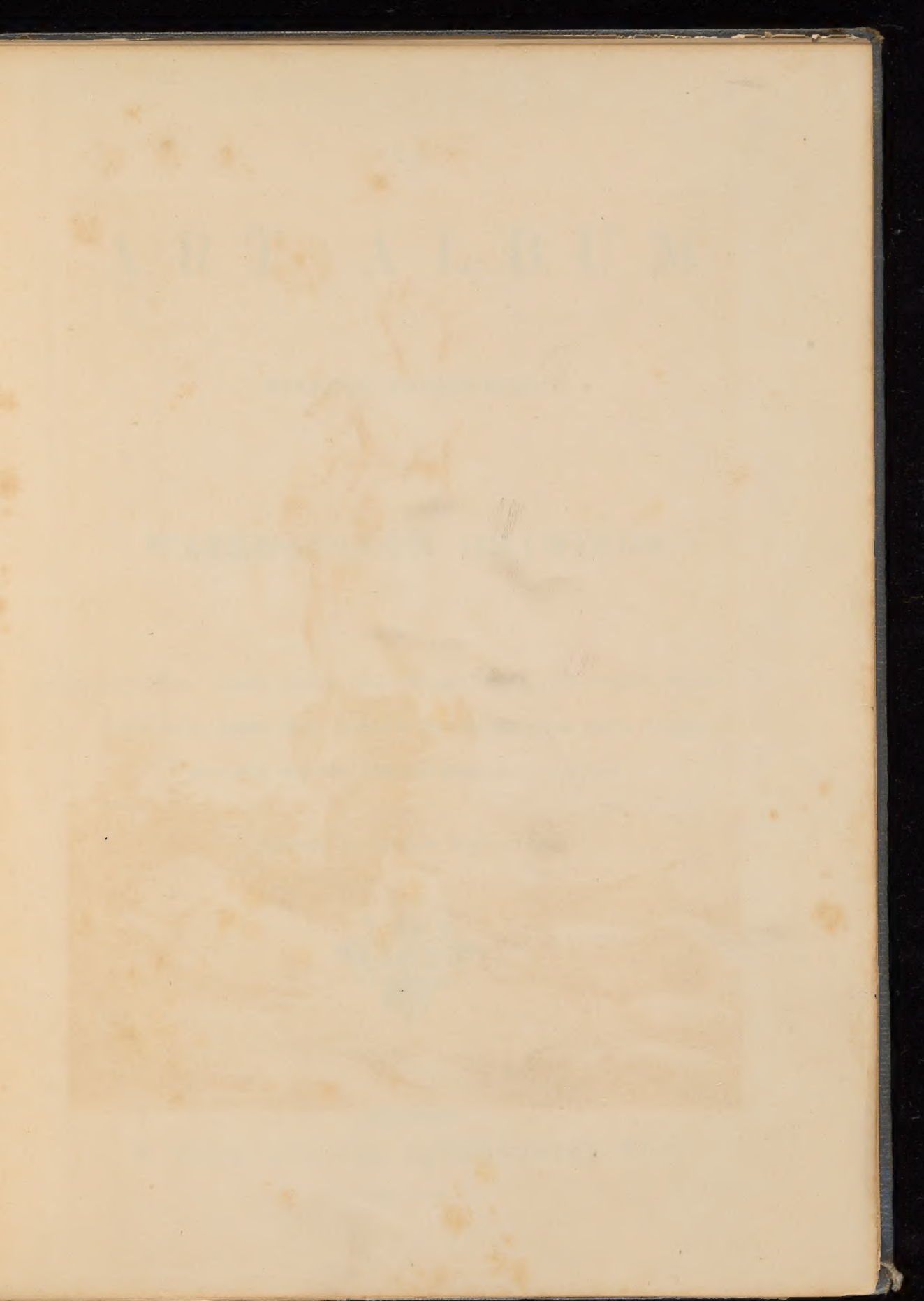




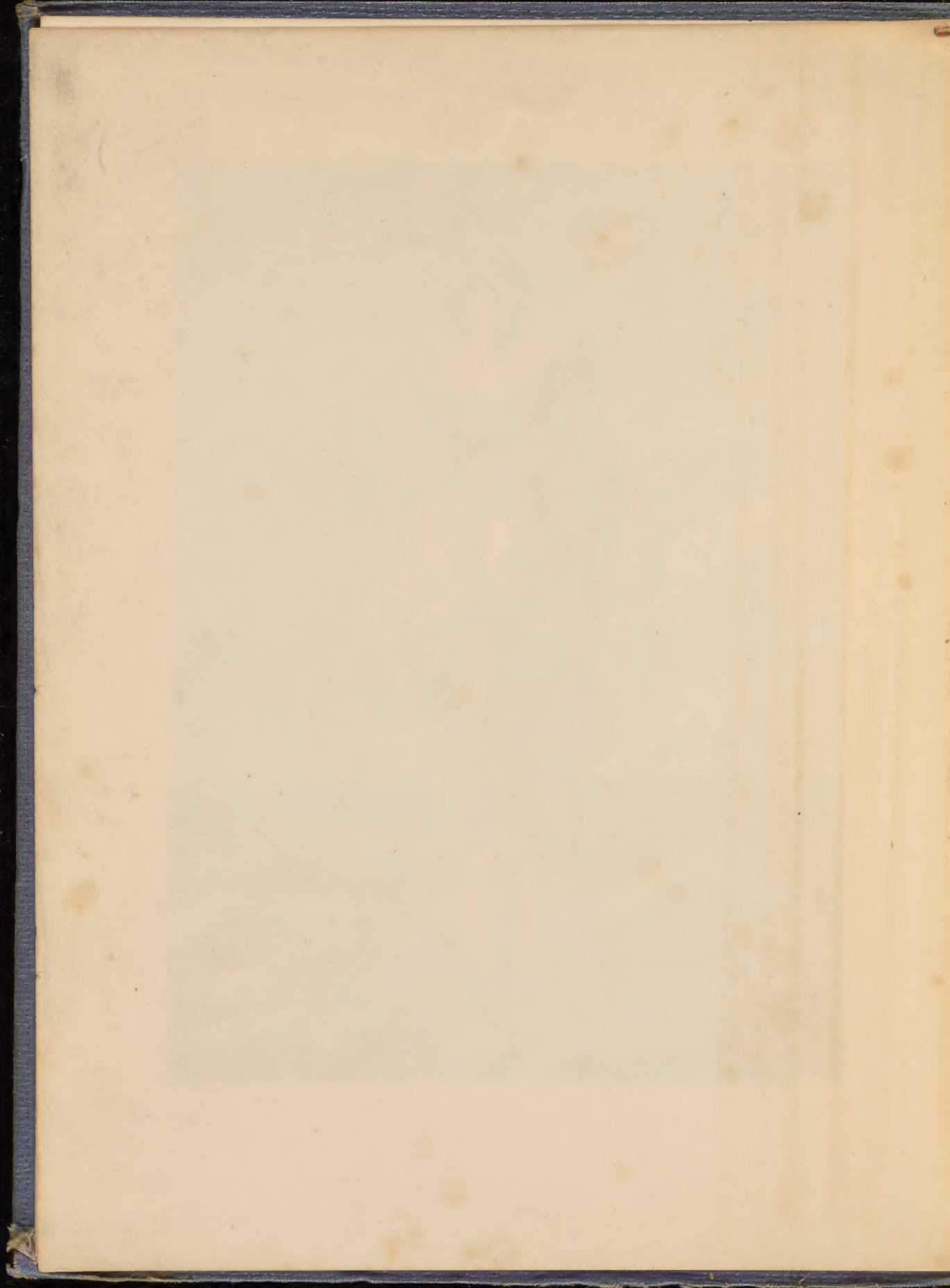


STEPPING-STONES.











THE  
ART ALBUM

SIXTEEN FACSIMILES

OF

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS

BY

GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, T. SIDNEY COOPER, A.R.A., EDWARD DUNCAN, JOHN GILBERT, WILLIAM HUNT,

R. P. LEITCH, GEORGE SMITH, GEORGE H. THOMAS, MRS. WARD, HENRY WARREN,

EDWARD H. WEHNERT, HARRISON WEIR, AND H. B. WILLIS.

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS.



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MDCCCLXI.







## ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.	THE STEPPING STONES ( <i>Frontispiece</i> ) . . . . .	<i>E. H. Wehnert.</i>
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III.	FRUIT . . . . .	<i>W. Hunt.</i>
IV.	THE BARON'S CHAPEL . . . . .	<i>G. Cattermole.</i>
V.	WINTER. . . . .	<i>T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.</i>
VI.	THE MARRIAGE OF GRISELDA . . . . .	<i>J. Gilbert.</i>
VII.	LUCY . . . . .	<i>G. Smith.</i>
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## The Stepping Stones.



THE stepping stones!—how many memories waken  
At the mere mention of a little word!  
Voices hush'd long ago are once more heard,  
Thoughts quickly rise which you had far forsaken:  
That which the mind once gains is never taken,  
But lieth hidden till by chance 'tis stirr'd.  
The flowers droop and die 'neath Winter's frost,  
Only to live again with earliest Spring;  
And in the Winter of the heart no thing,  
Though dead and buried, ever can be lost.  
How many years have flown since last I cross'd!  
Yet clearly do I hear the low sweet tones,  
And feel the pressure of the tiny palm,  
Which laid in mine all trembling, it so calm,  
When last I ventured o'er the stepping stones.



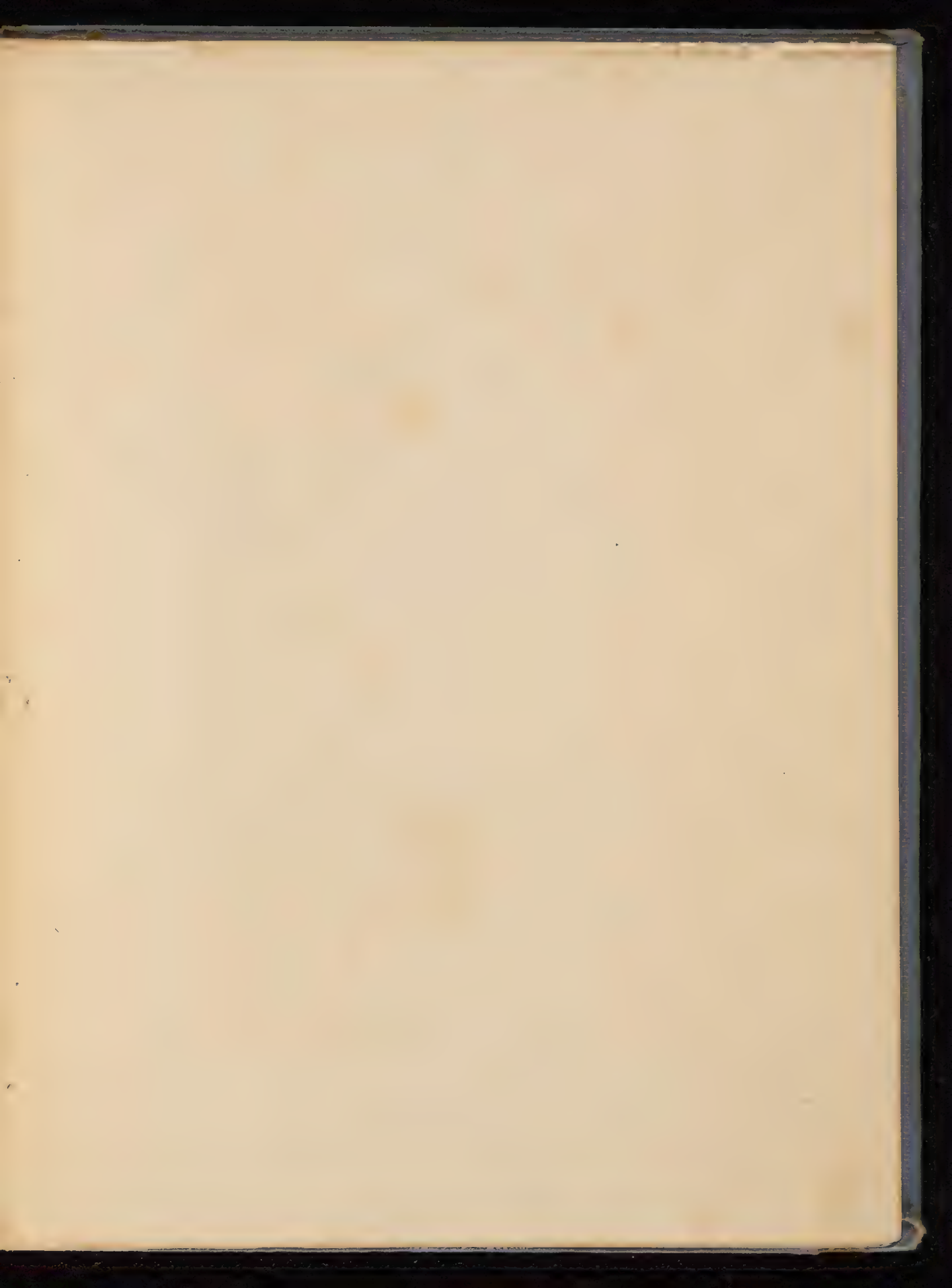


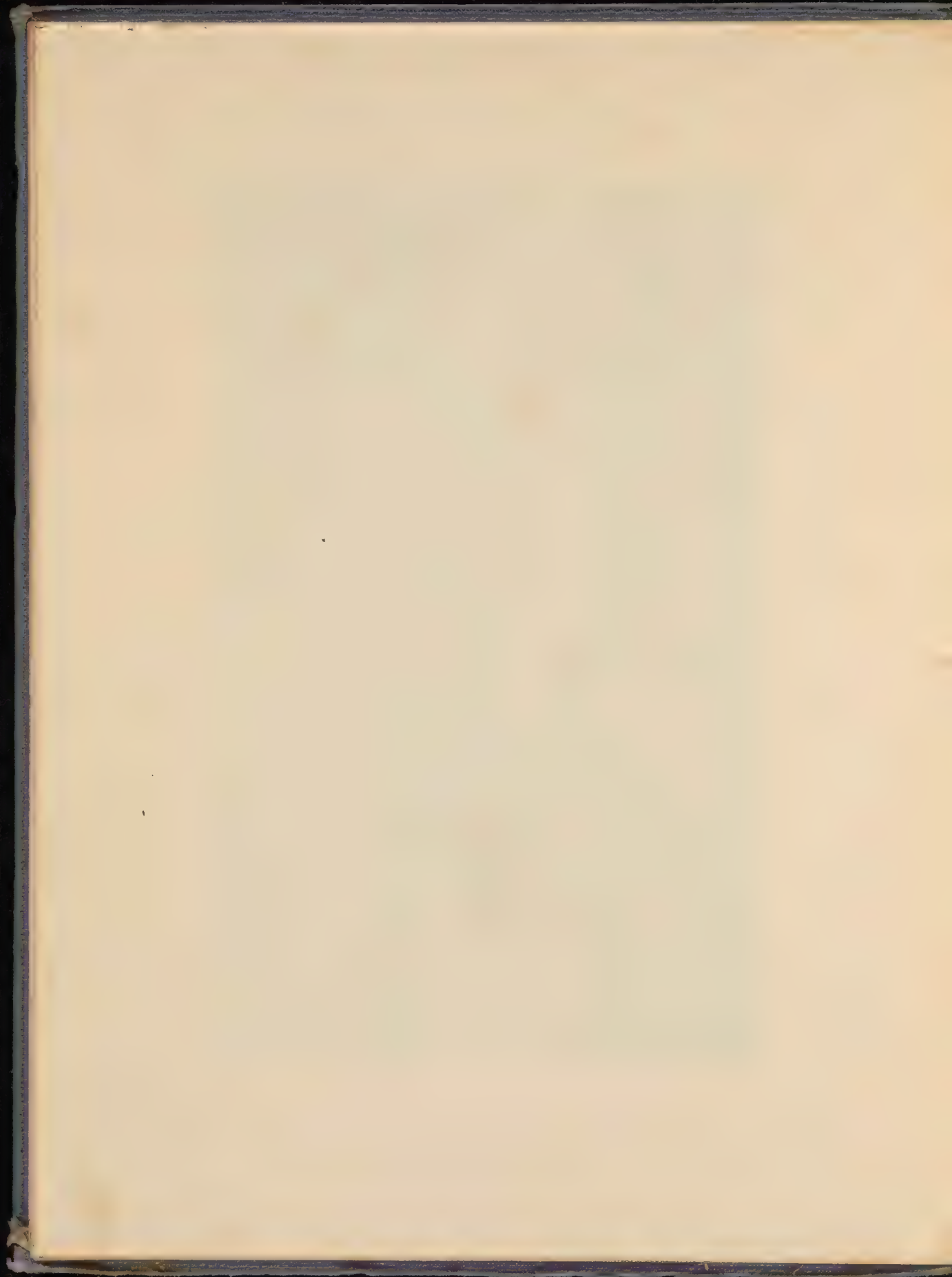




BREEZE OFF SHORE.







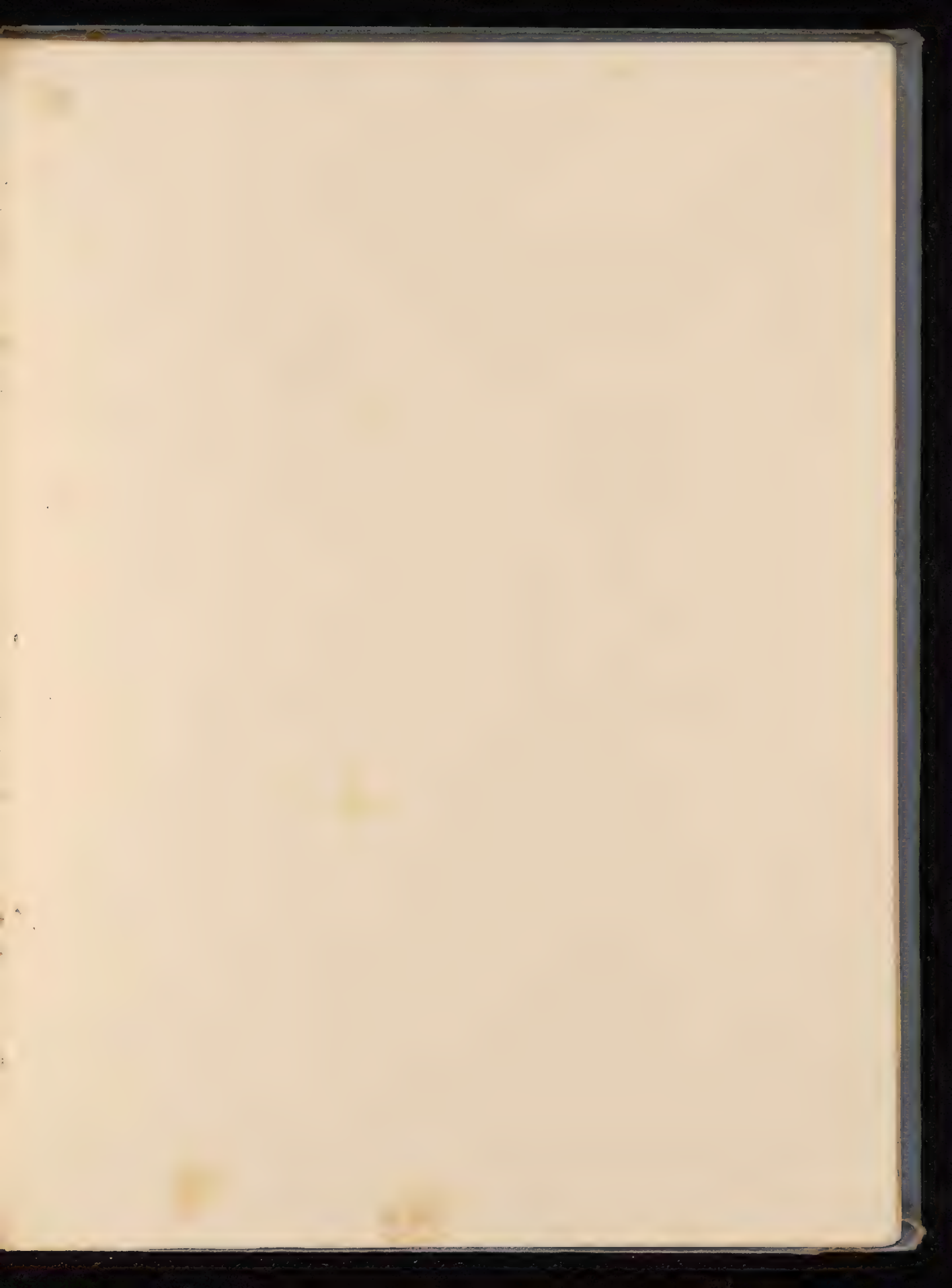
## A Breeze off Shore.



FAIR fresh breeze—above, a smiling sky—  
The tired sea-birds sleep upon the waves ;  
Sleeping beneath them in their sea-weed graves  
Lie many gallant hearts ; the boats bound by,  
Each speeds along on its own mission bent,  
Nor is a thought to dread or danger lent ;  
For who could dream that this same quiet sea,  
Now rocking to and fro so peacefully,  
Doth oft in Winter nights with thunder roar,  
Leap wildly forth, and beat against the shore,  
And bury deep beneath its madden'd foam  
The strength and pride of many a sailor's home ?  
Ocean ! thy face, like man's, is full of guile—  
Anger lies often hid beneath thy smile.

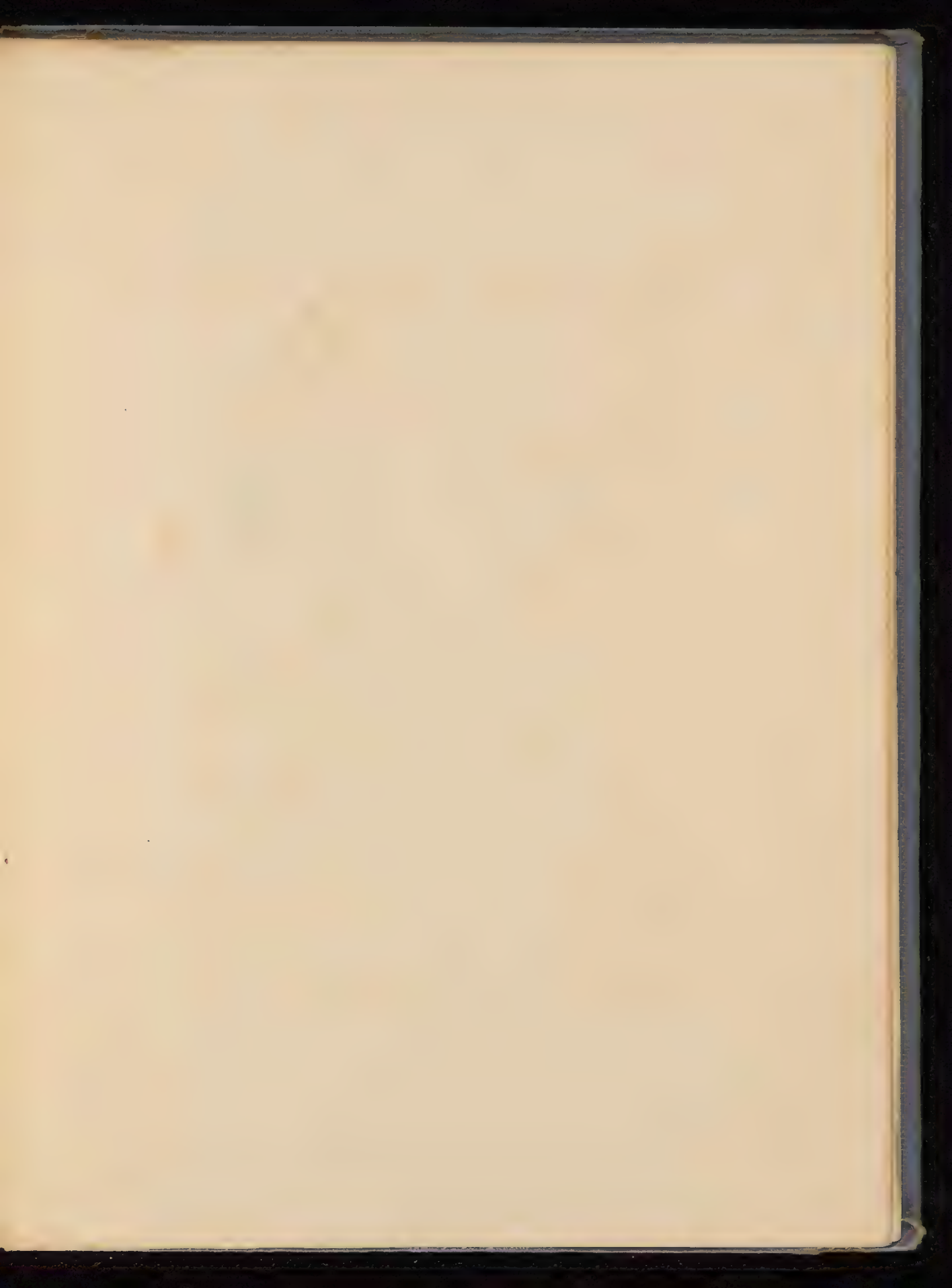














## Fruit.



HOW comes it that the limner hath the power  
To render loveliness more lovely still?—  
That in his works the tutor'd reason will  
Find added beauty in each fruit and flower,  
Fairness undream'd before in tree and bower,  
Mysterious grandeur in each shaggy hill?  
He does not vainly try t' improve God's work,  
But renders light what else to us were dark,  
For his deep-seeing mind hath well been taught  
To tell the mystery with which all is fraught;  
And more, we prize his work because we find  
In it the thinkings of a master mind;  
Thus learning plainer the Great Artist's power,  
Who made the mind, and also made the flower.



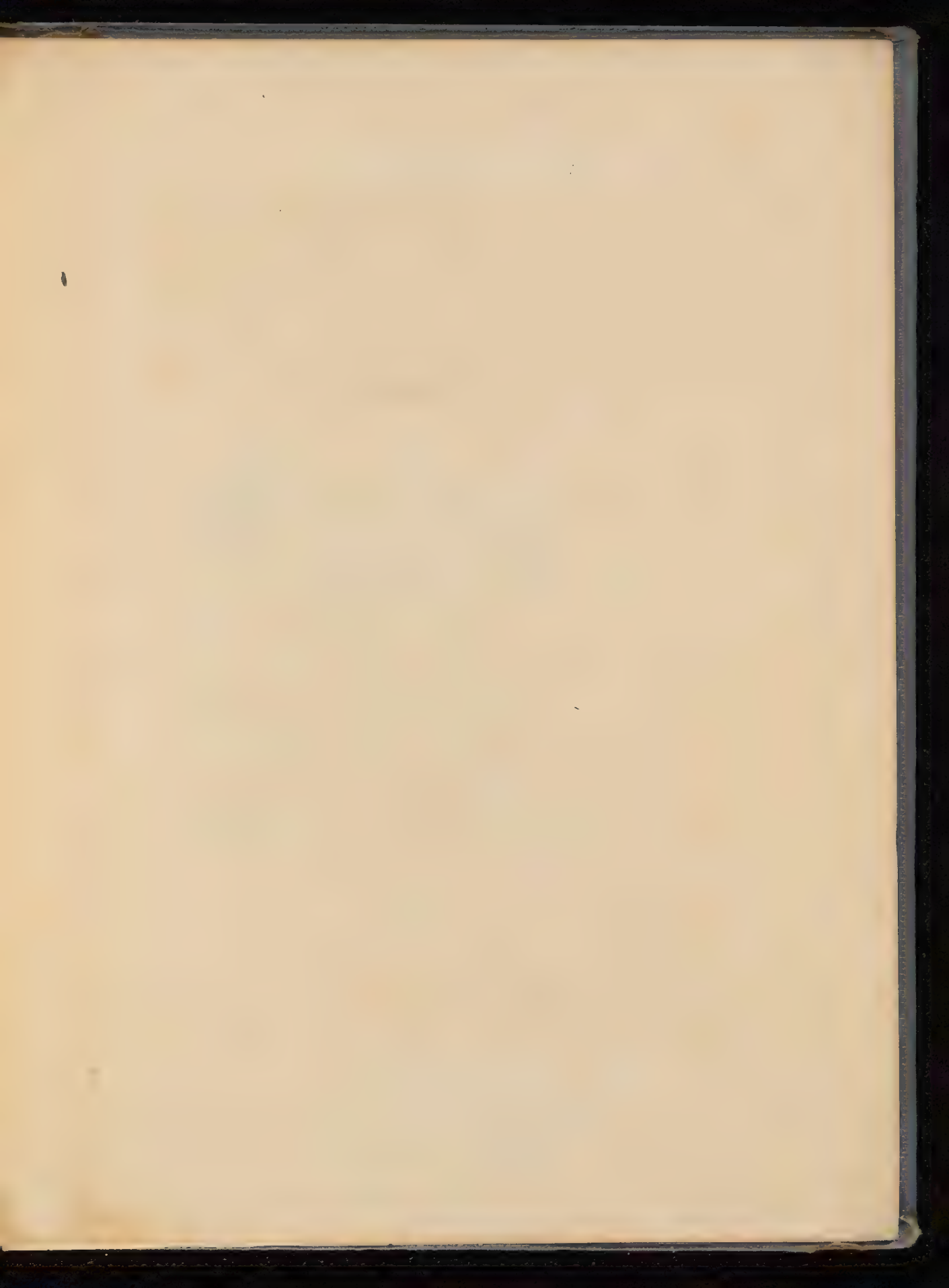


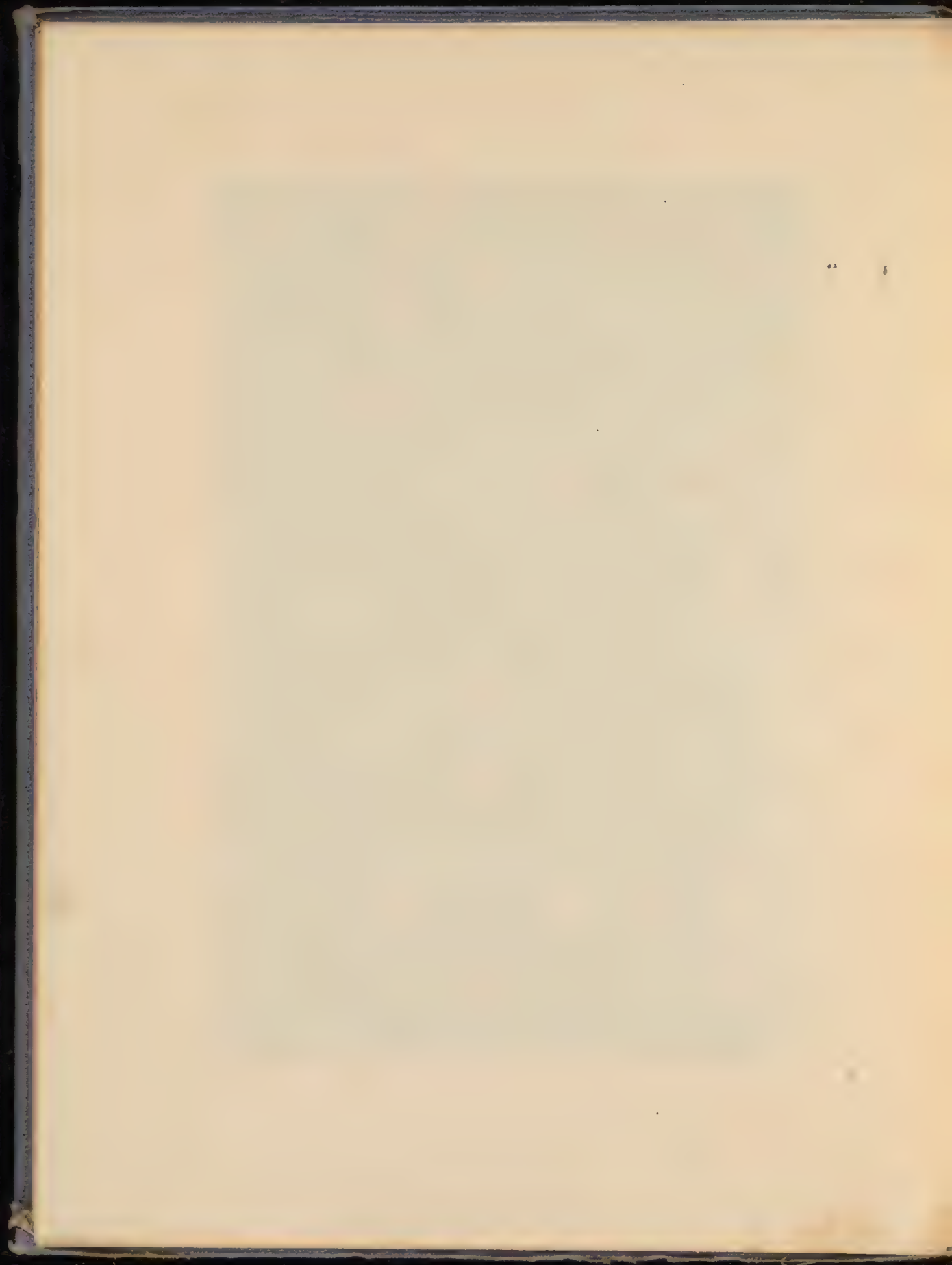




THE PARON'S CHAIEL.







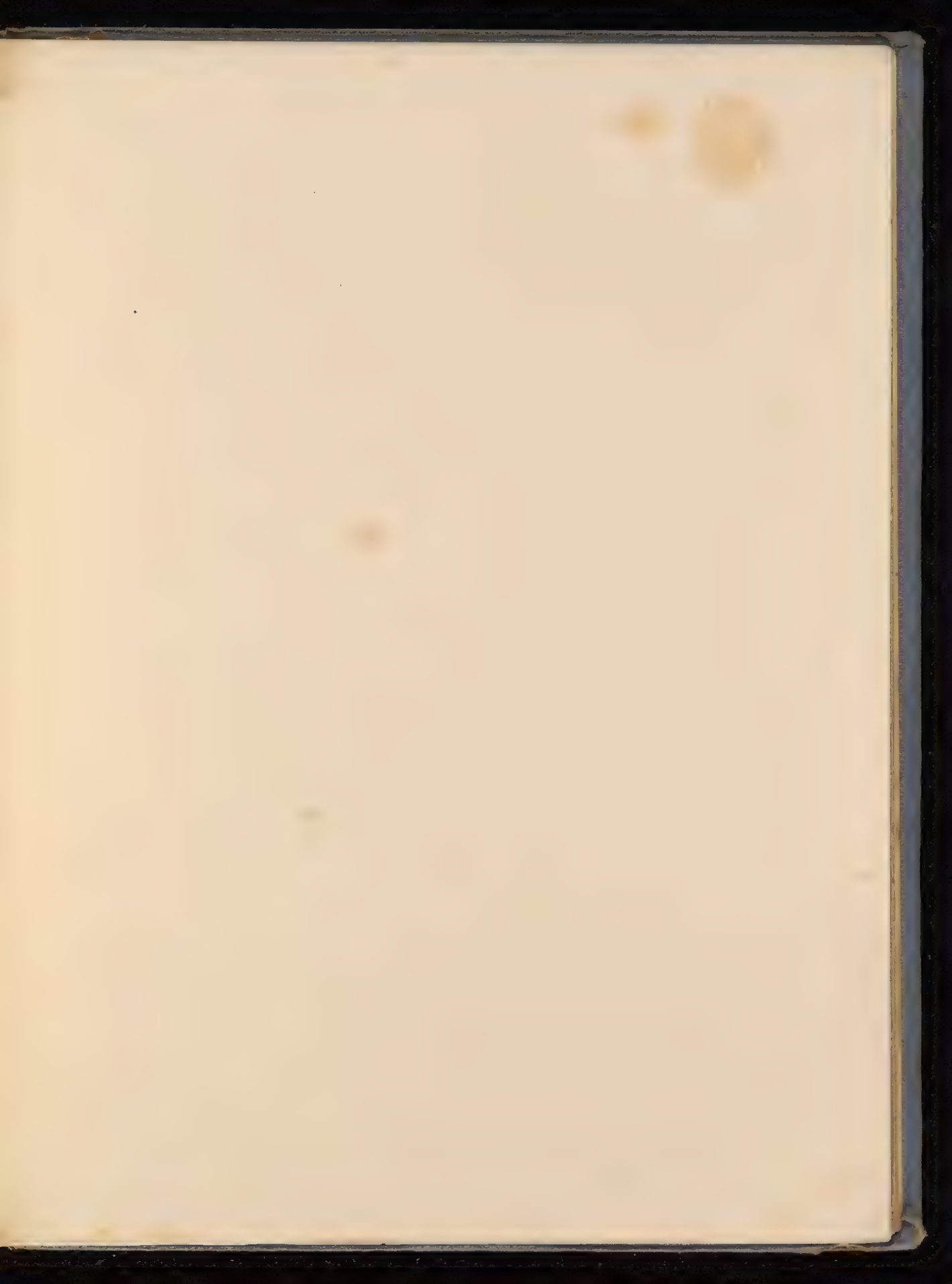
## The Baron's Chapel.



W E think too often of the olden time  
As one of war and bloodshed ; for thus tell,  
In words severely simple, yet sublime,  
The stirring strains of many a minstrel's rhyme,  
In which more loudly doth the war-note swell  
Than the faint tinkling of the tiny bell,  
Calling on all men with its silvery chime  
To worship God within the fair chapelle ;  
Where gather'd every Sabbath night, I ween,  
Baron and dame, and knight and squire be seen,  
And the poor peasant not set far apart,  
With heads all list'ning bent, and reverent mien,  
Solemn and stately, yet with humbled heart,  
And moisten'd eye, whence tears of deep repentance start.

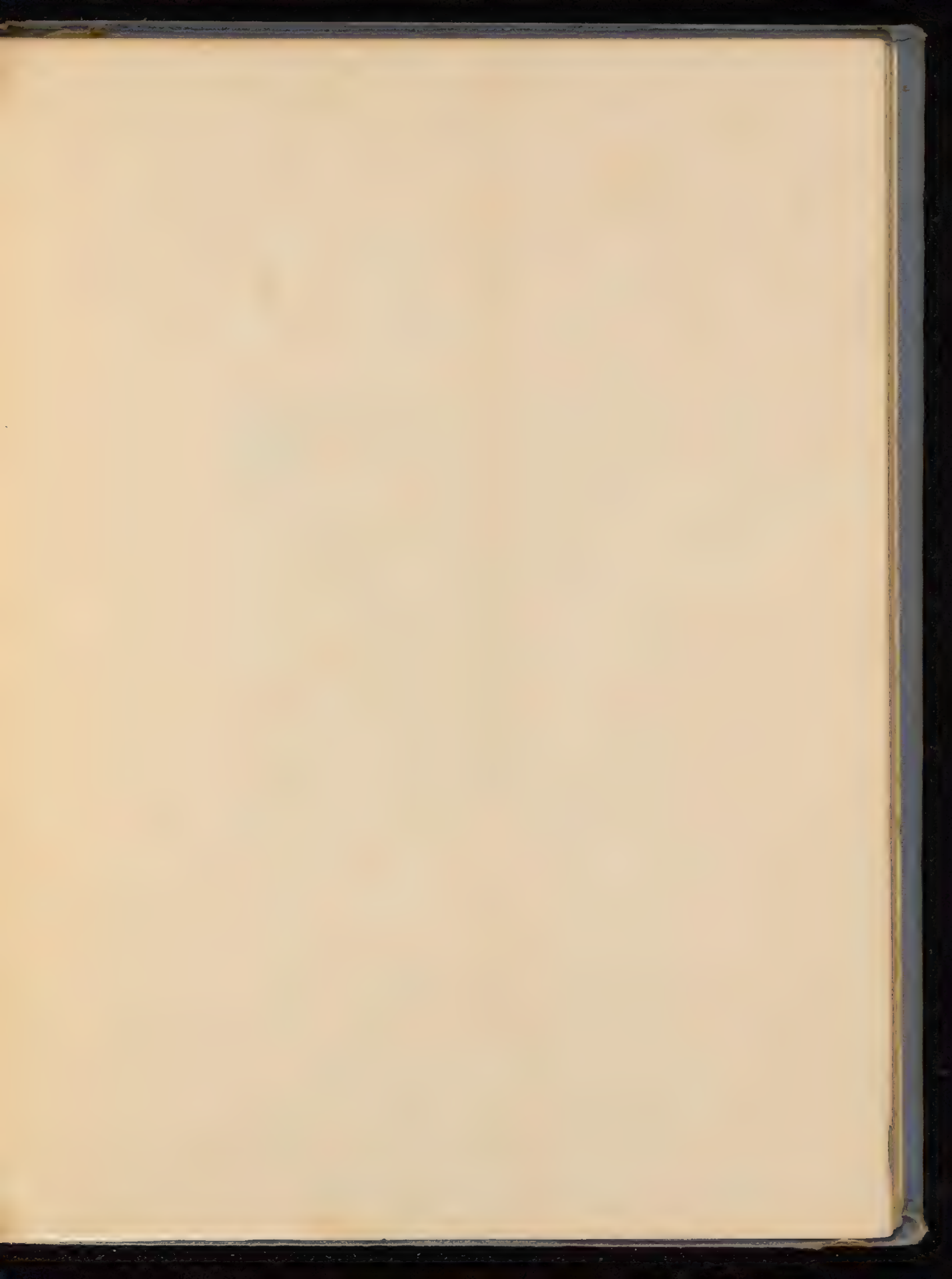


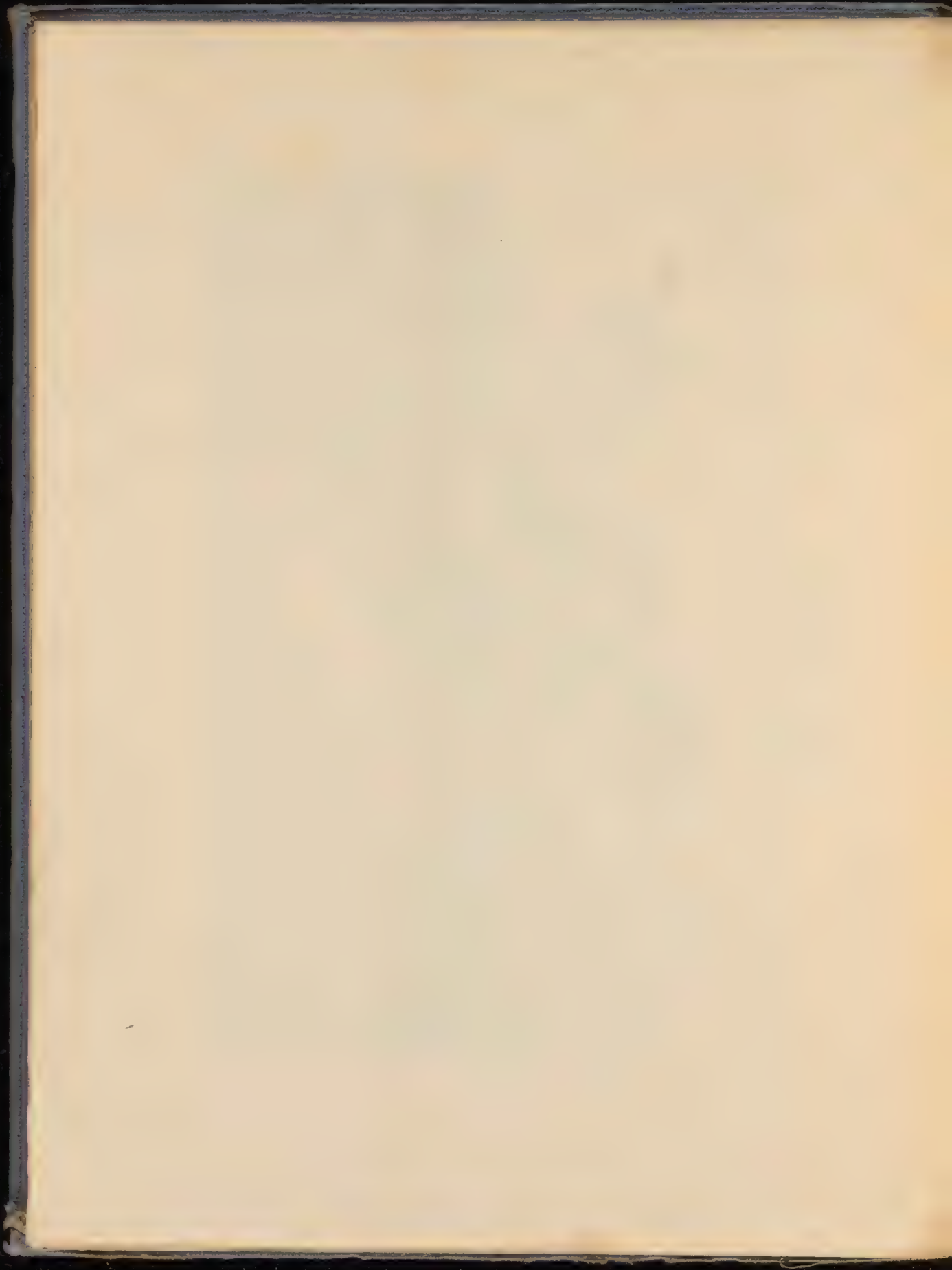












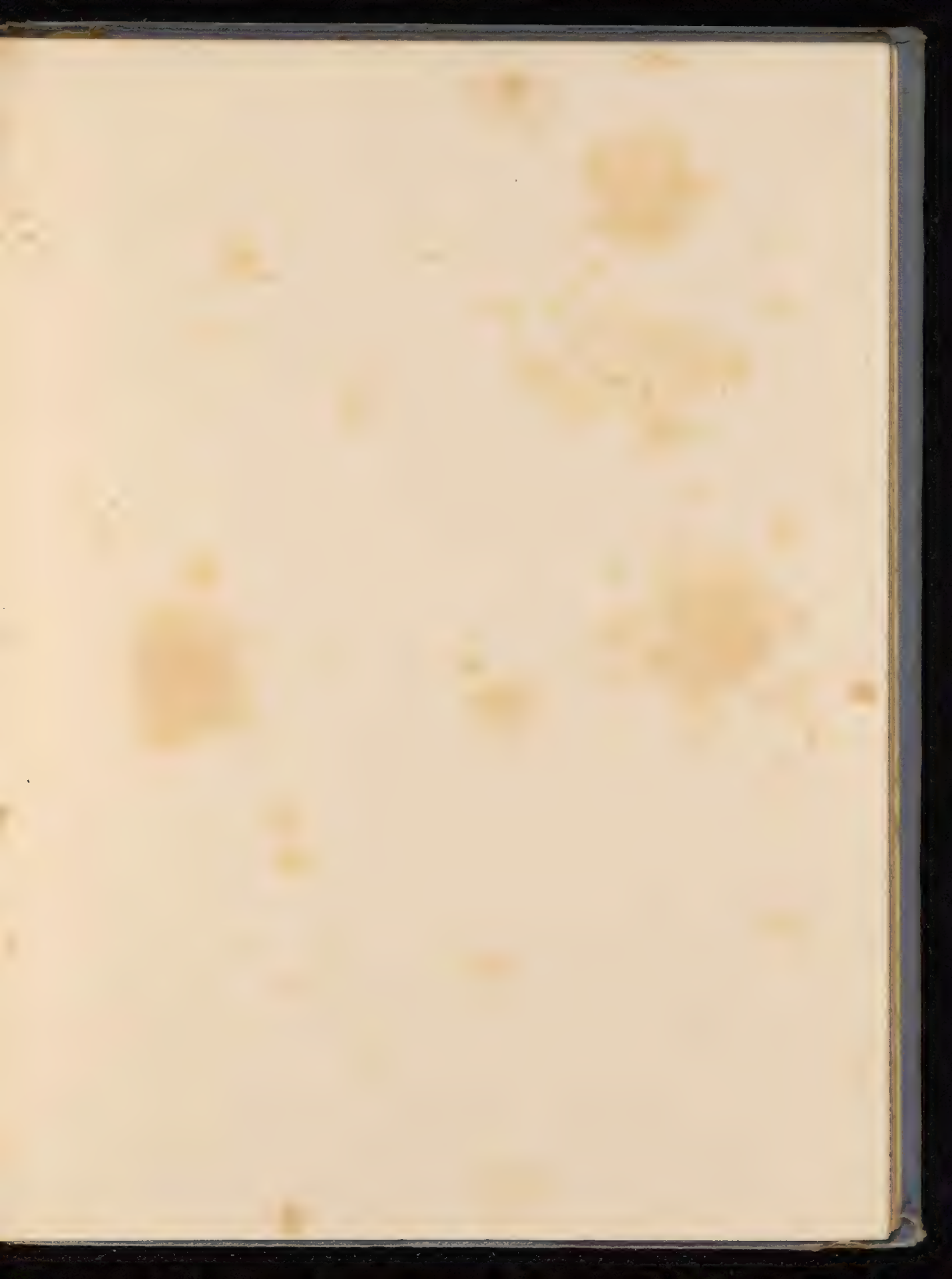
## Winter.



WINTER'S morn !—some say that all looks blank,  
And harsh, and dreary,—but not so say I;  
I love the cold grey grandeur of the sky,  
The crystal beauties of the frosty bank;  
I find no sorrow in the naked tree,  
Stretching its bare arms boldly to the wind,  
Like Samson, shorn of locks, indeed, and blind,  
Yet brave of heart and full of majesty.  
No sad sight are the ever-patient sheep,  
Lying so meekly on the frozen snow;  
They wait resignedly, like all below,  
Until the kindly Earth, refresh'd by sleep,  
Shall once again awake, mild breezes blow,  
And forth each little bud and flower shall peep.



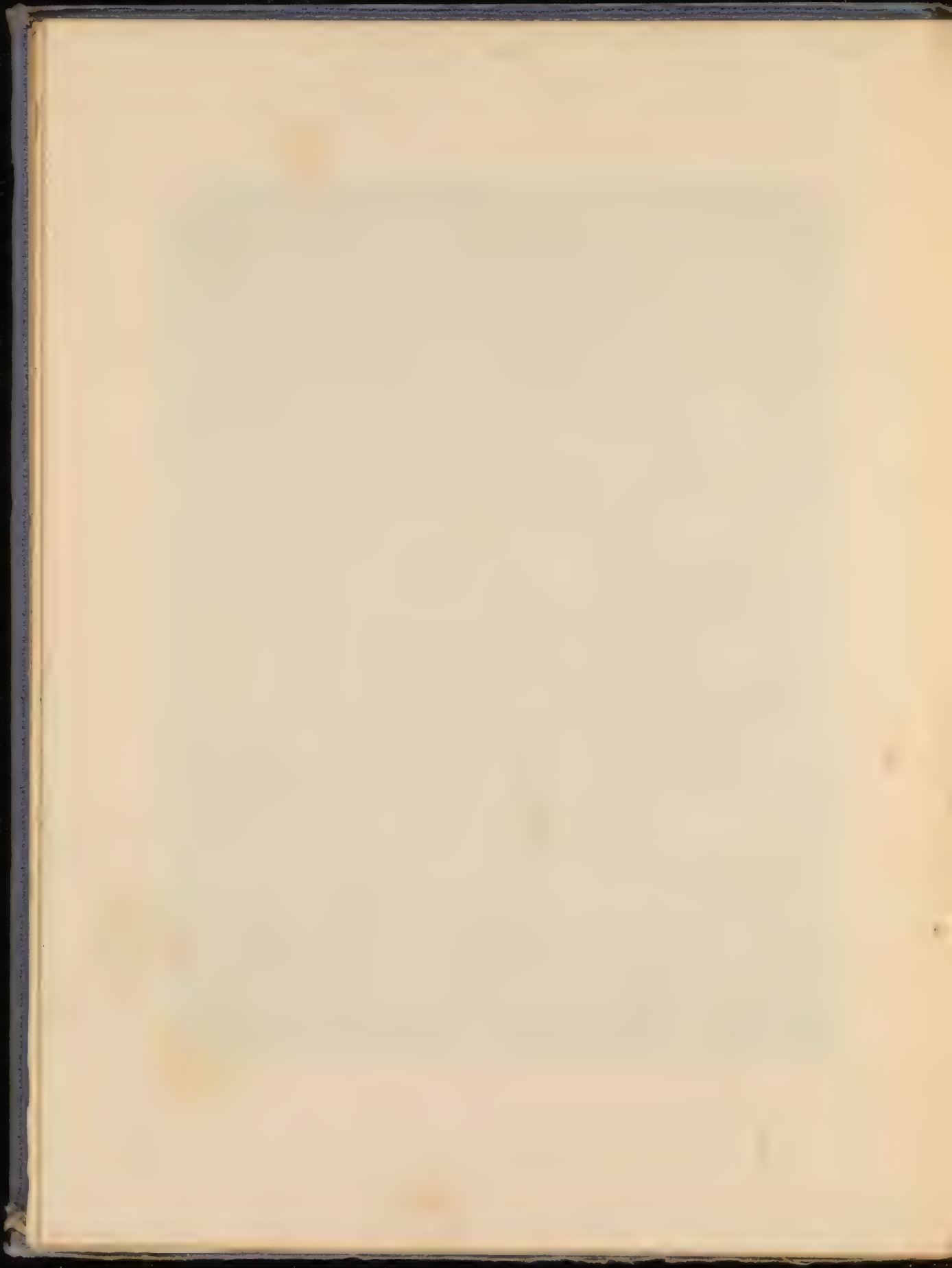












## The Marriage of Griselda.



ER hair have they kempt, that lay untressed  
Full rudely, and with their fingers small  
A coroune on her head they have ydressed,  
And set her full of nouches great and small:

Of her array why should I make a tale?  
Scarcely the people knew her, for her fairness,  
When she transformed was in such richness.

The marquis hath her 'spoused with a ring  
Brought for the same cause, and then her set  
Upon a horse snow-white and well ambling,  
And to his palace, ere he longer let,  
(With joyful people, that her led and met,)  
Conveyed her, and thus the day they spend  
In revel, till the sun 'gan to descend.

CHAUCER.

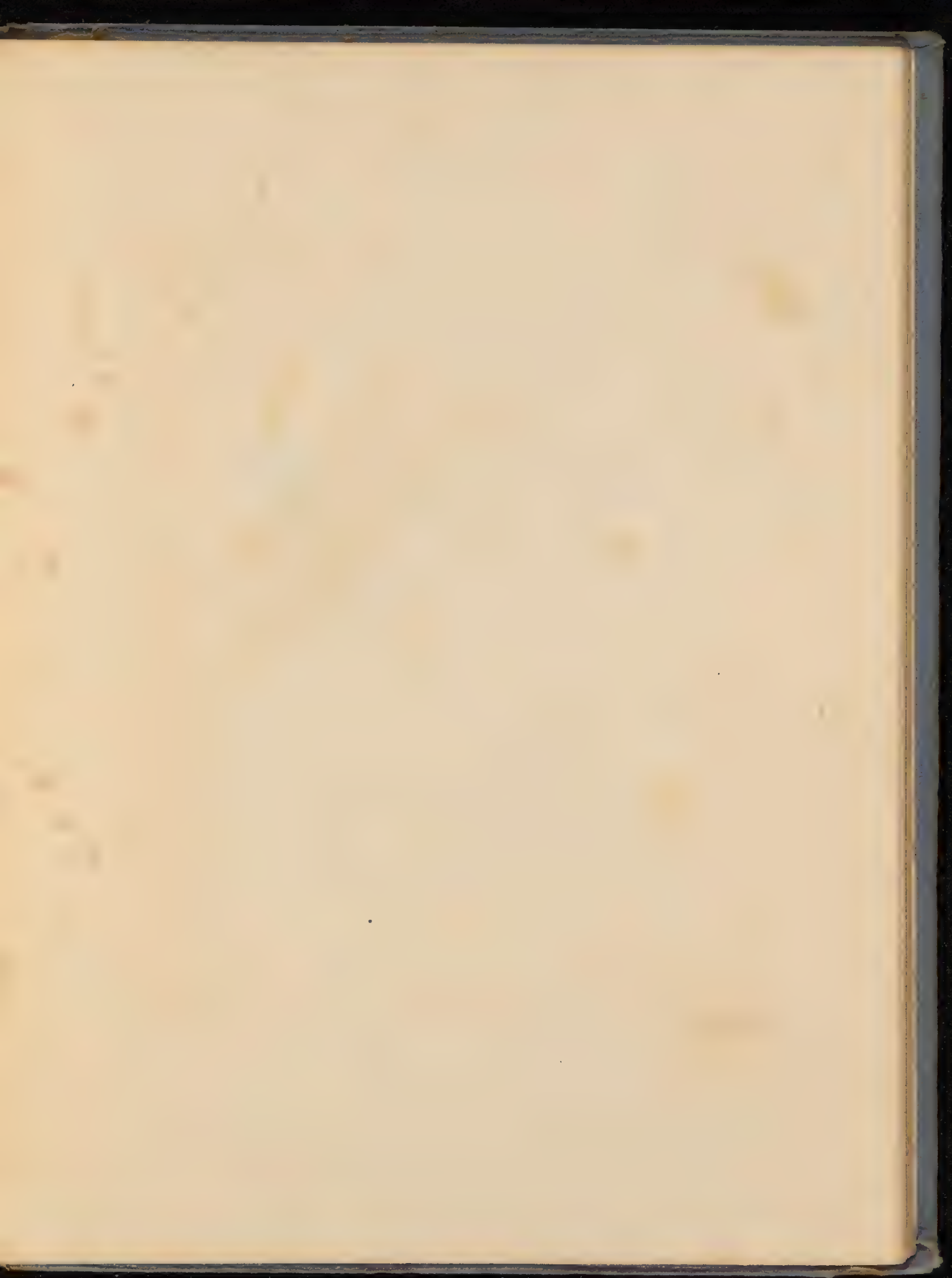


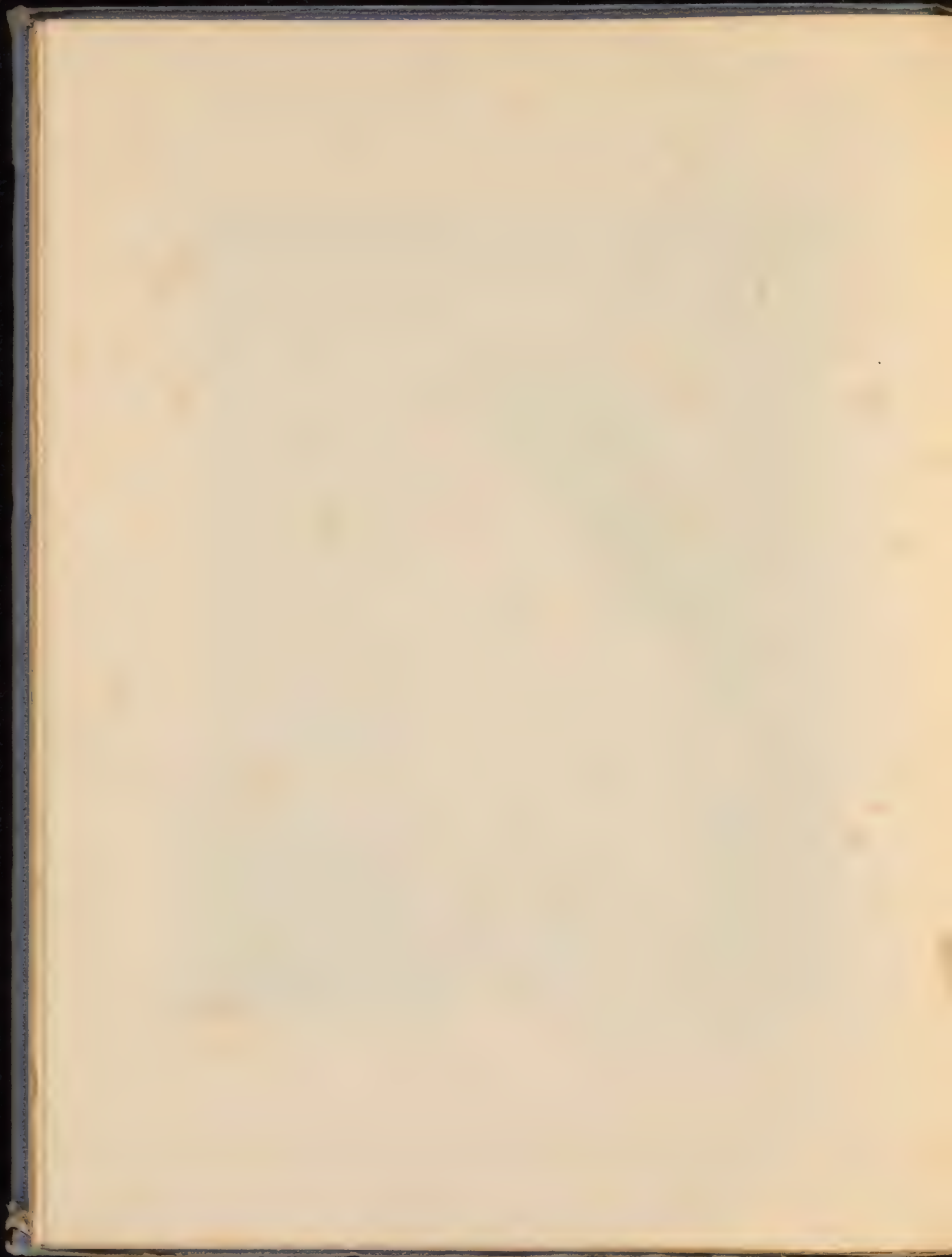






LUCY.





Lucy.



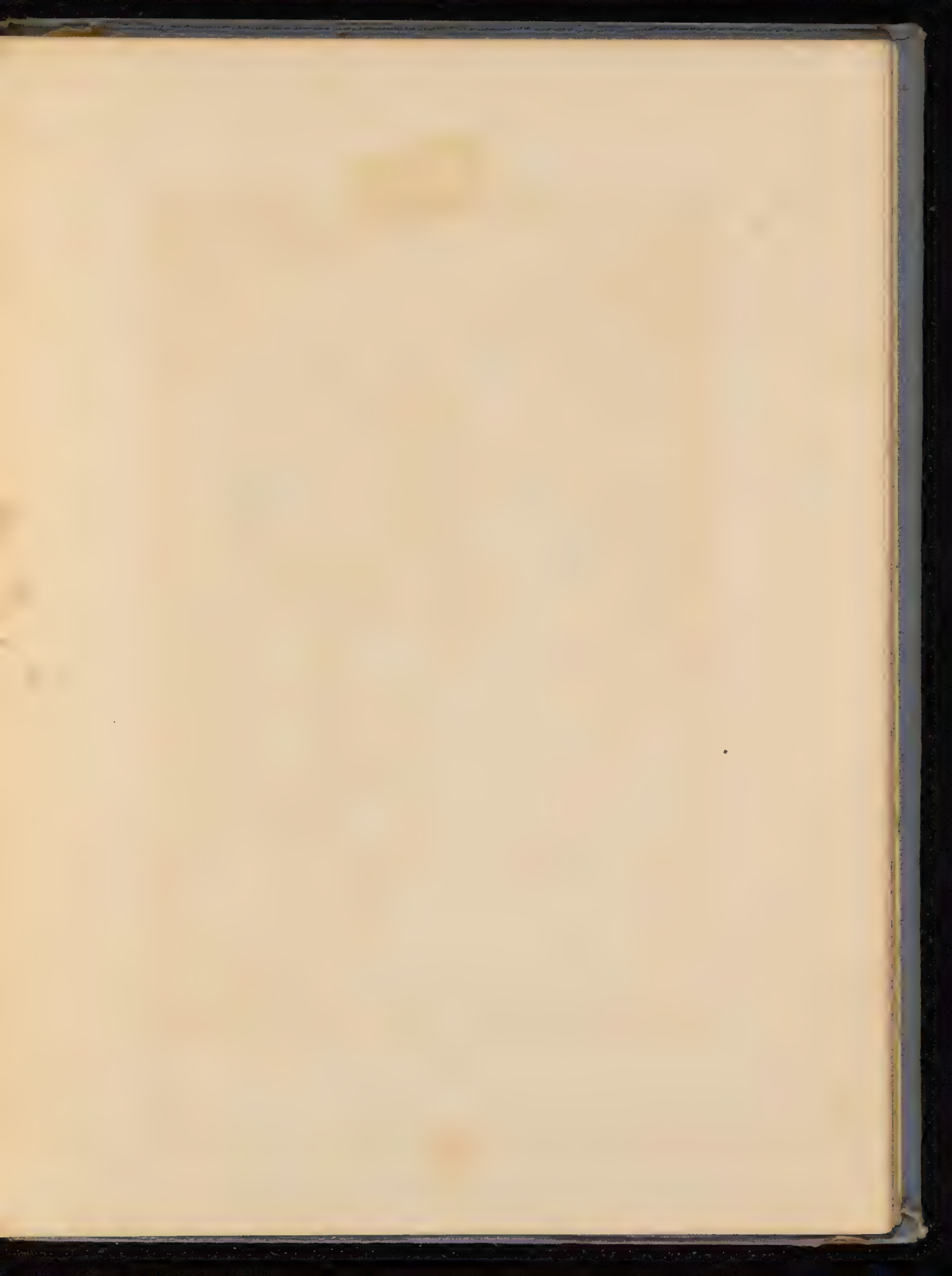
N Youth, Life's happy Spring-time, all is gay,  
Then pleasures please, nor yet have power to cloy ;  
The youth of the year the fullest is of joy,  
All Nature hails with song the rising day.  
Why then, O gentle maiden, gazest thou,  
With sorrow casting gloom upon thine eyes,  
As if thou would'st from off the Future's brow  
Raise the dark veil which Time alone bids rise ?  
Days *may* be hid, when thou shalt bow thy head  
Meekly beneath a mighty sorrow's tread—  
When even tears shall seem forbid to start,  
So heavy lies the load around thine heart.  
Yet let thy fears away ; take Hope instead,  
And live in joy through thy sweet Summer time :  
So calm shall be the Autumn of thy prime,  
And Life's stern Winter bring to thee no dread.



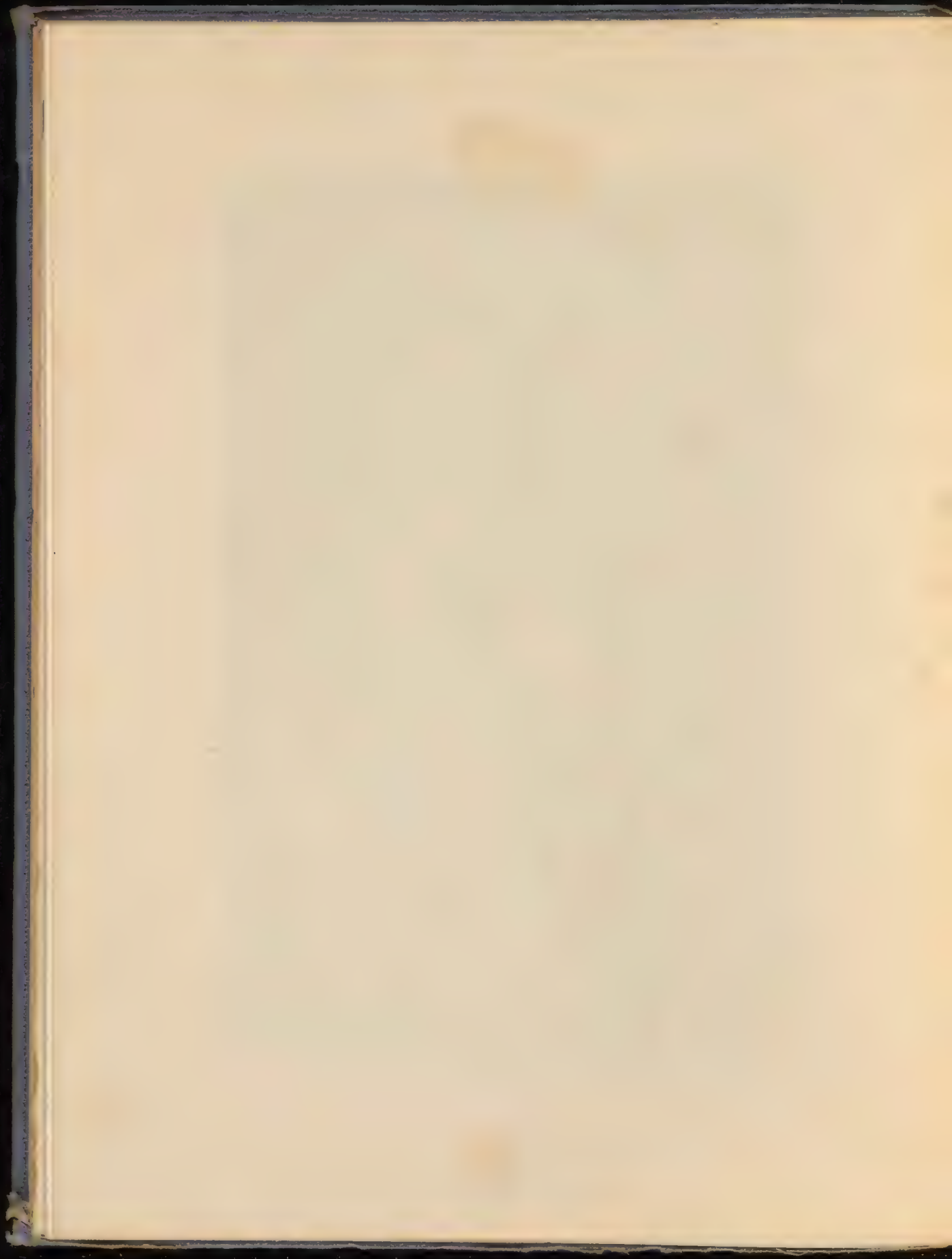












## Carting Brushwood.



ONE is the glory of the Summer land ;  
The fields, once golden with the waving corn,  
Stand bare and lifeless, of that beauty shorn ;  
On all hath Autumn laid his heavy hand :

The shrinking leaves hang reddening to their fall,  
And shower in myriads at each breeze's call ;  
And overhead the Winter wind will soon  
Through the bare branches roar in hoarse wild tune.  
Now, safely housed within some hollow tree,

The little squirrel piles his hard-earn'd store,  
That through the cold he may live merrily :

Man profits by the squirrel's untaught lore,  
And gathereth fuel, that before the bold  
And ruddy blaze may vanish Winter's cold.

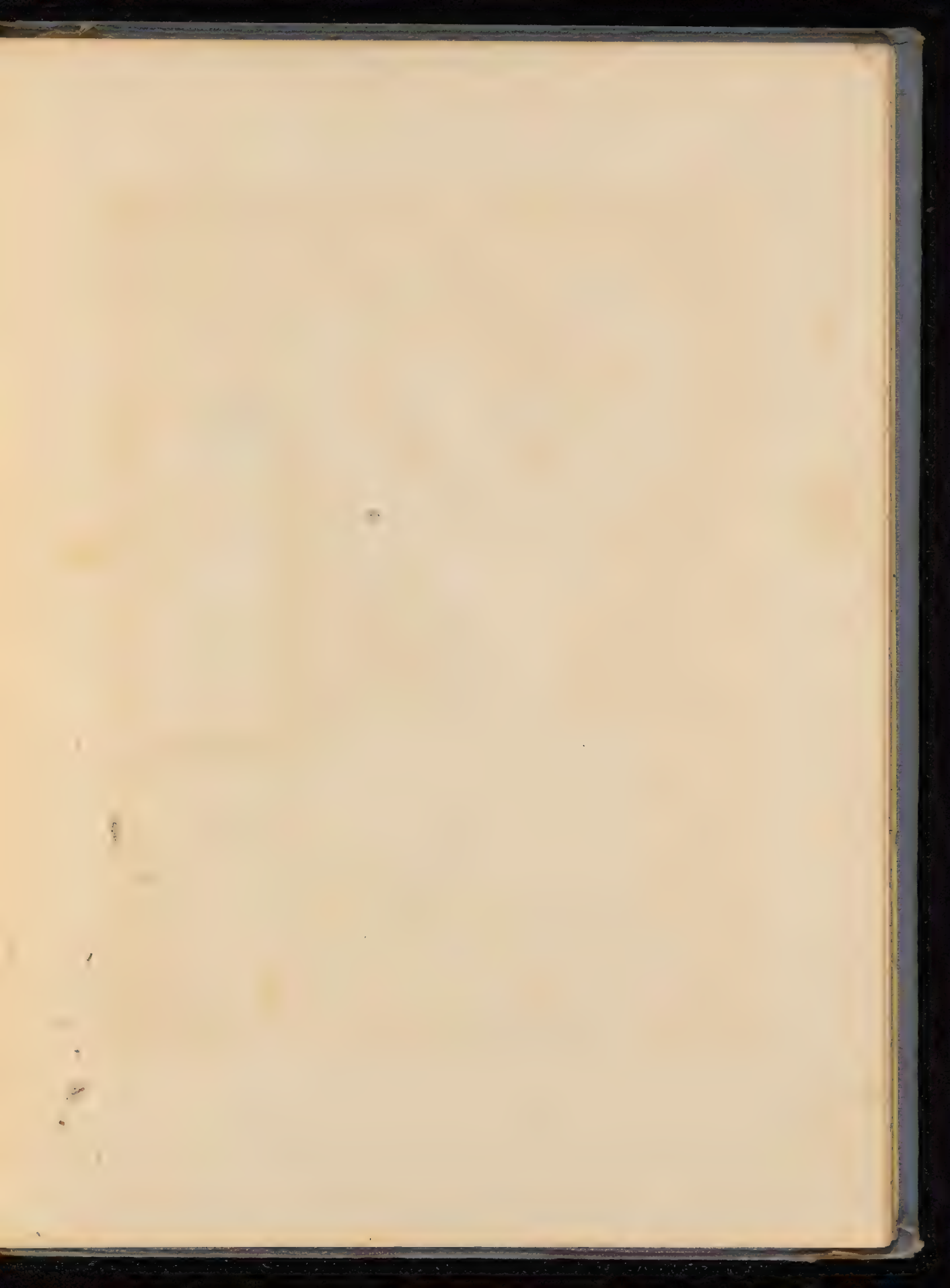


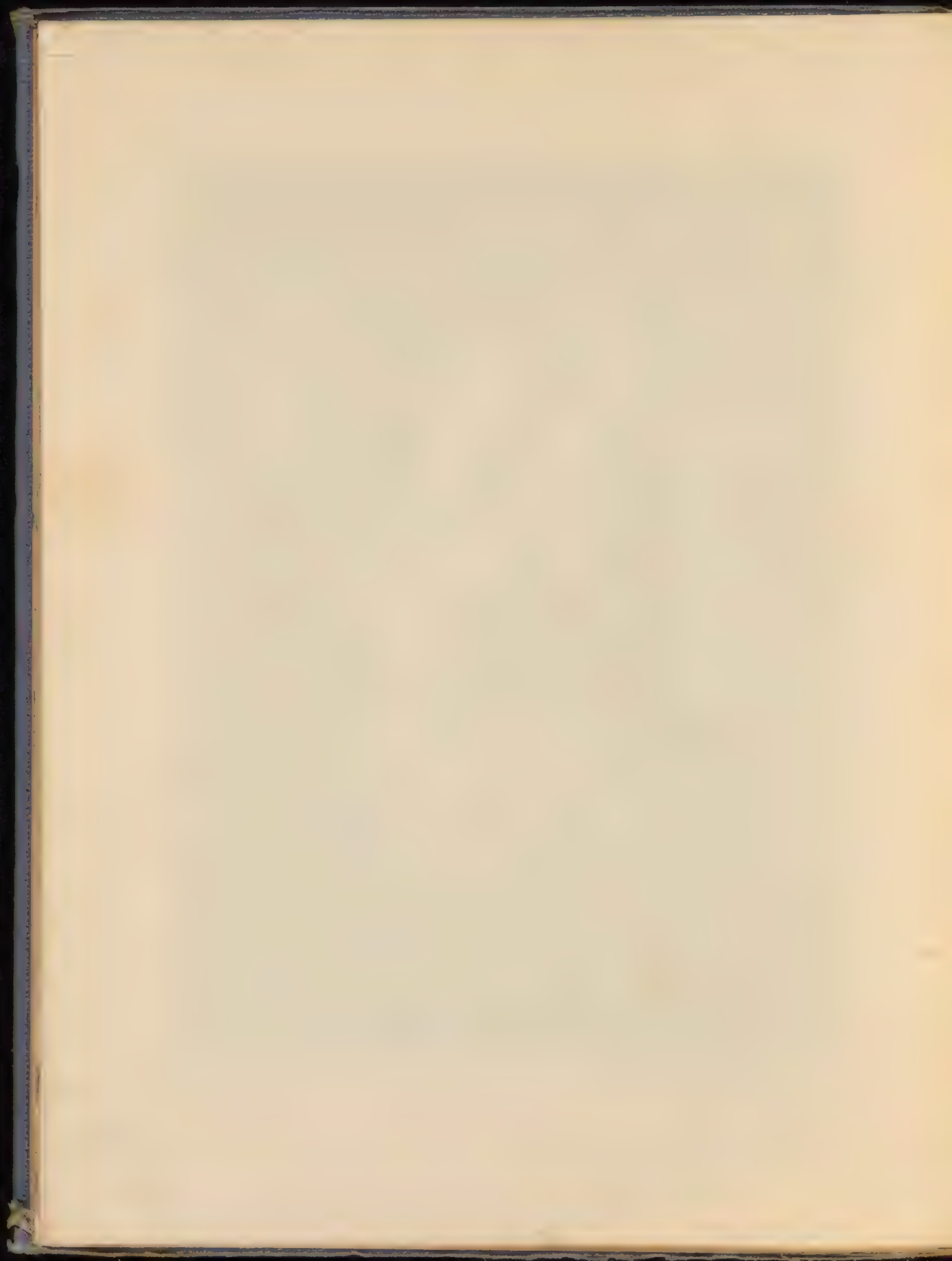







THE WOMAN IN THE ROSE GARDEN





## The Gardener's Daughter.

OR up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,  
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,  
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—  
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—  
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.  
A single stream of all her soft brown hair  
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers  
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering  
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—  
Ah, happy shade!—and still went wavering down,  
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced  
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,  
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!  
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd  
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,  
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,  
And on the beauteous wave of such a breast  
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,  
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

TENNYSON.





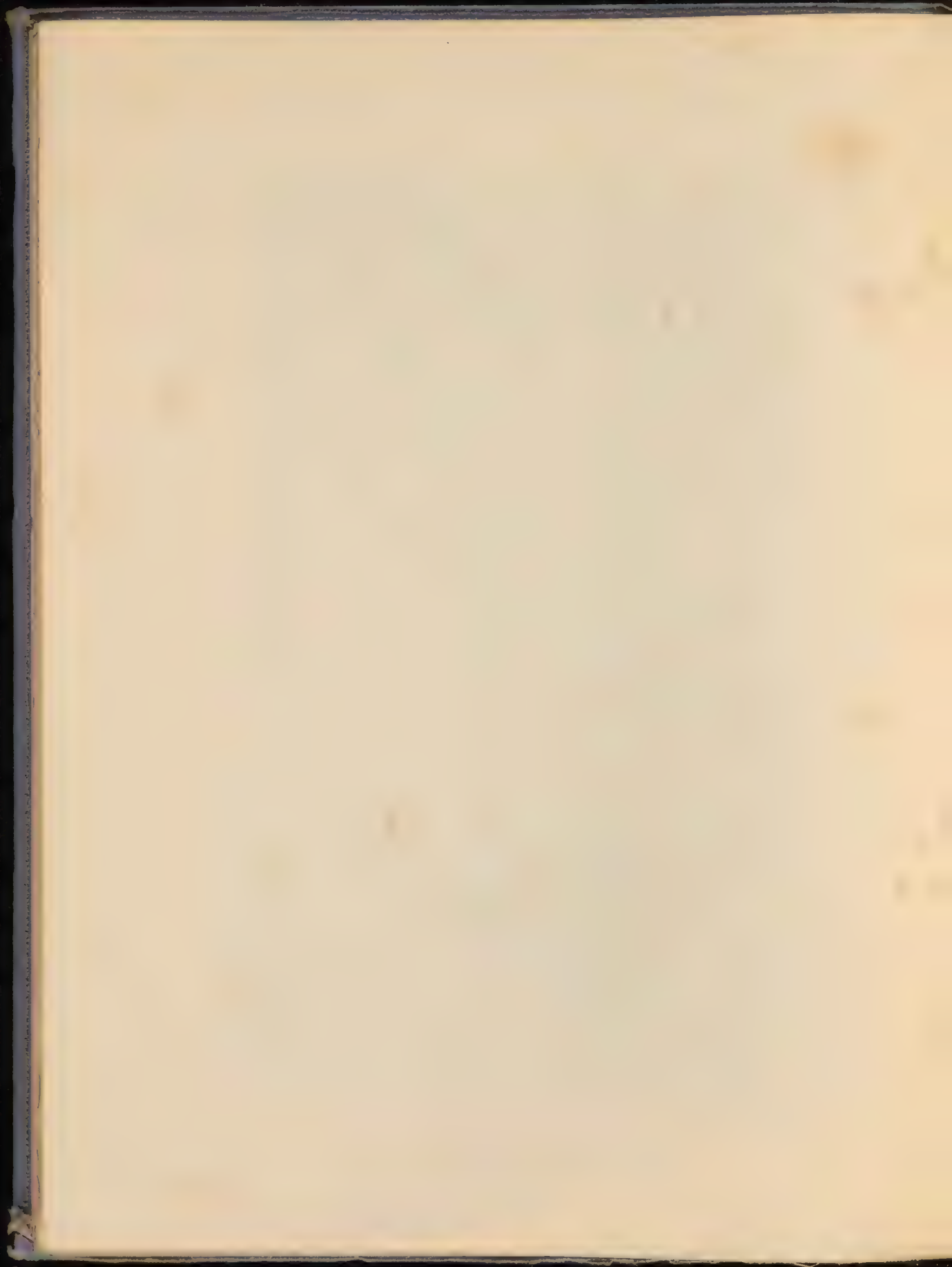




THE FISHERMEN'S RETURN.



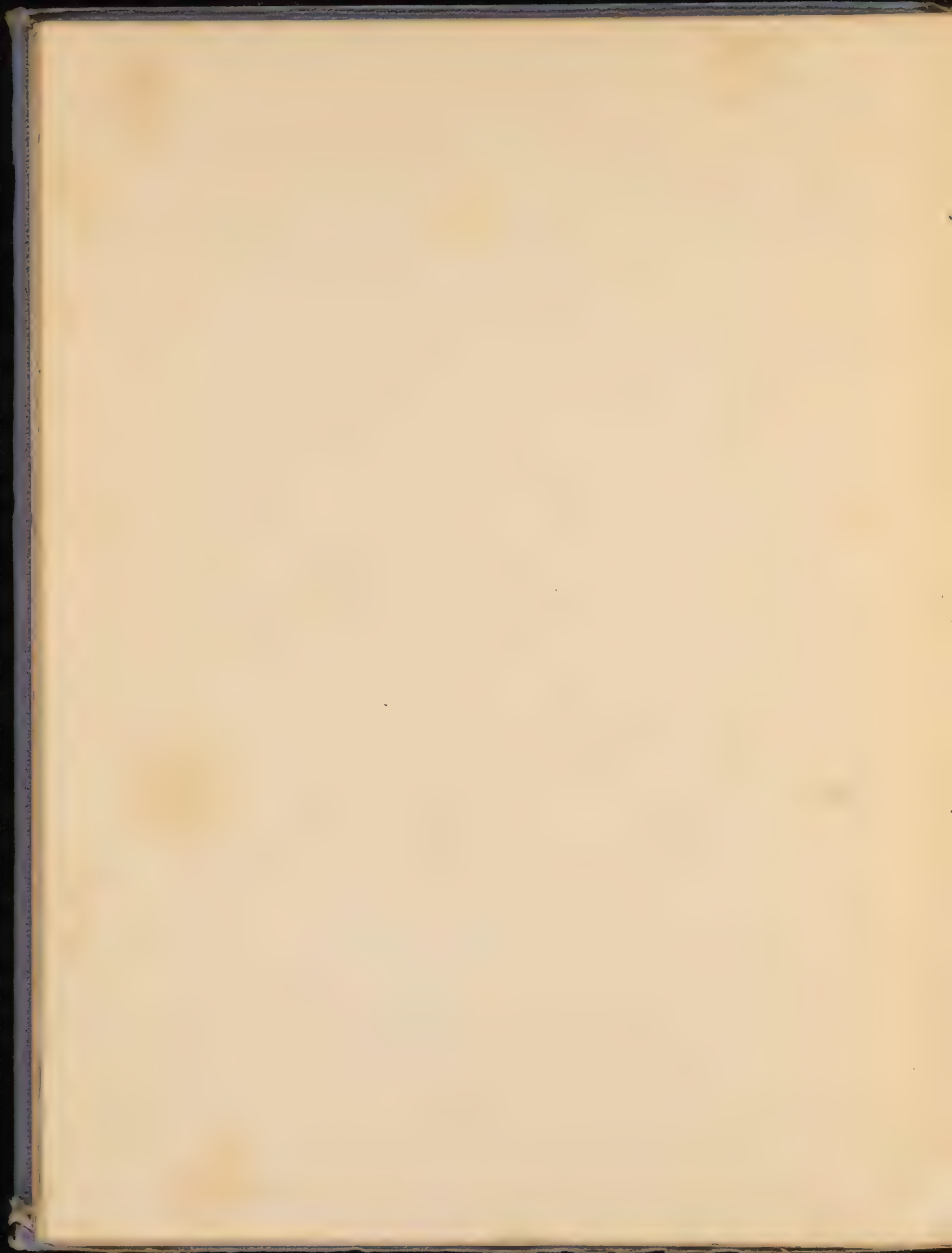




## The Fishermen's Return.



DAINT are our hearts, and little is our Faith ;  
And in the days of trouble and of rain,  
When everything around is tempest-lain,  
We, soon forgetting times of sunshine's scathe,  
Predict the failure of the needful grain,  
With its subsèquents, famine, plague, and death.  
Then, whether we seek harvest on the shore,  
Or daily bread upon the dangerous deep,  
Amid the strife of waves which never sleep,  
Though Earth lies hush'd around their ceaseless roar,  
Alike we hail the beauteous bow, once more  
Casting across the clouded heavens its span,  
To us the sign of covenant with man,  
Whence strength, and hope, and comfort we may reap.

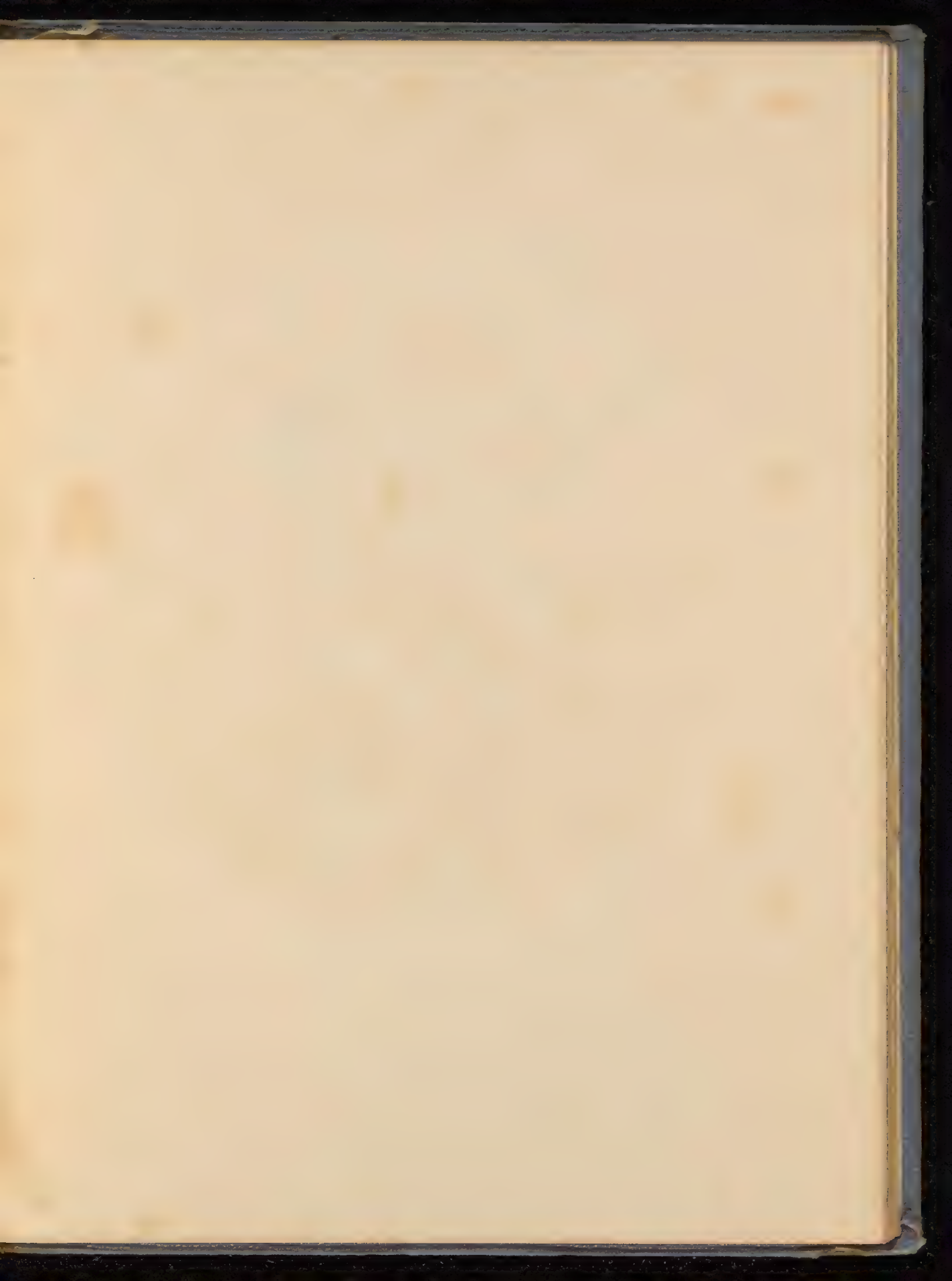


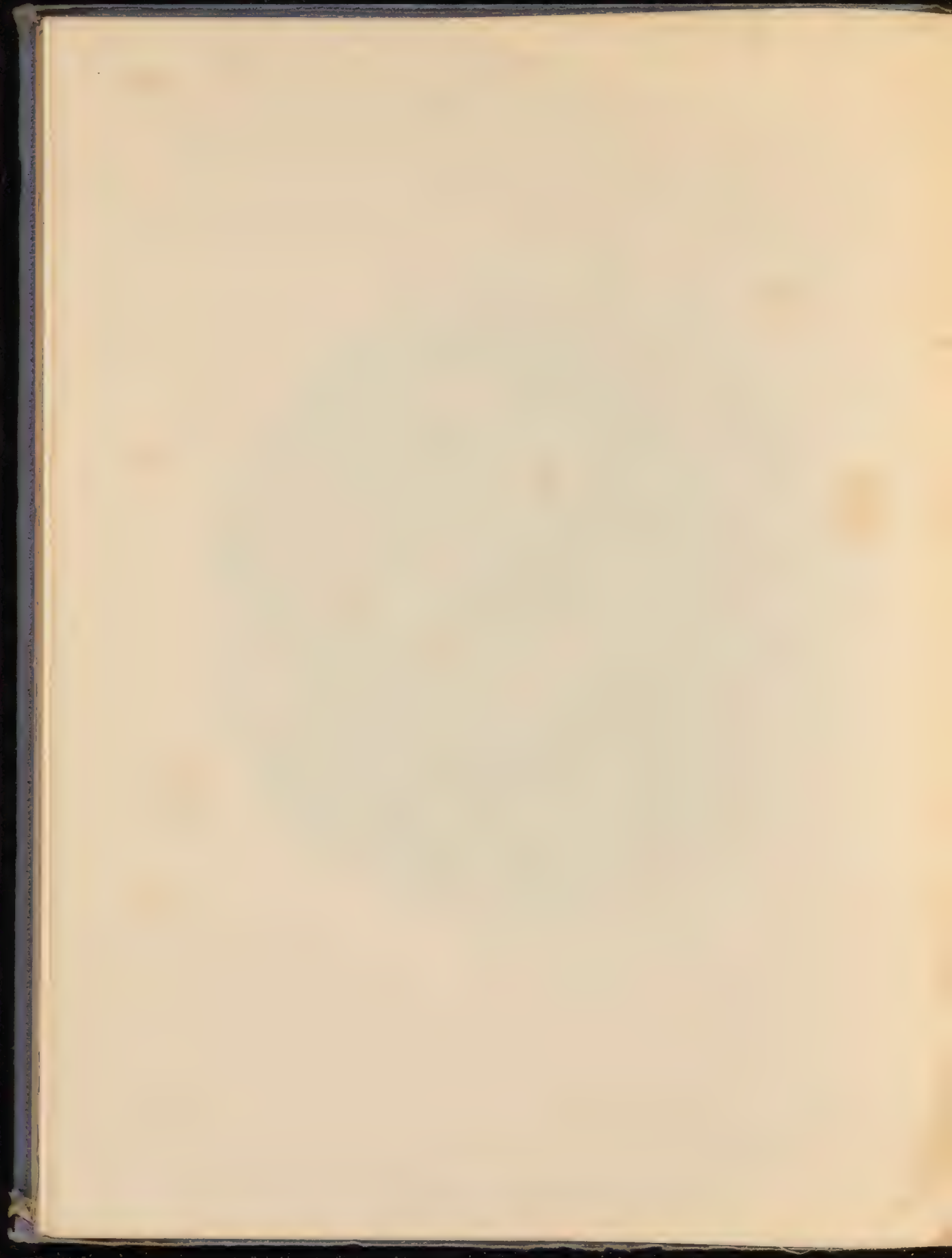






THE FINCH





## The Goldfinch.



GOLDFINCH, pride of woodland glade,

In thy jet and gold array'd ;

Gentle bird, that lov'st to feed

On the thistle's downy seed ;

Freely frolic, lightly sing,

In the sunbeam spread thy wing !

Spread thy plumage, trim and gay,

Glittering in the noontide ray,

As upon the thorn-tree's stem

Perch'd, thou sipp'st the dewy gem.

Fickle bird, for ever roving,

Endless changes ever loving ;

Now in orchards gaily sporting,

Now to flow'ry fields resorting ;

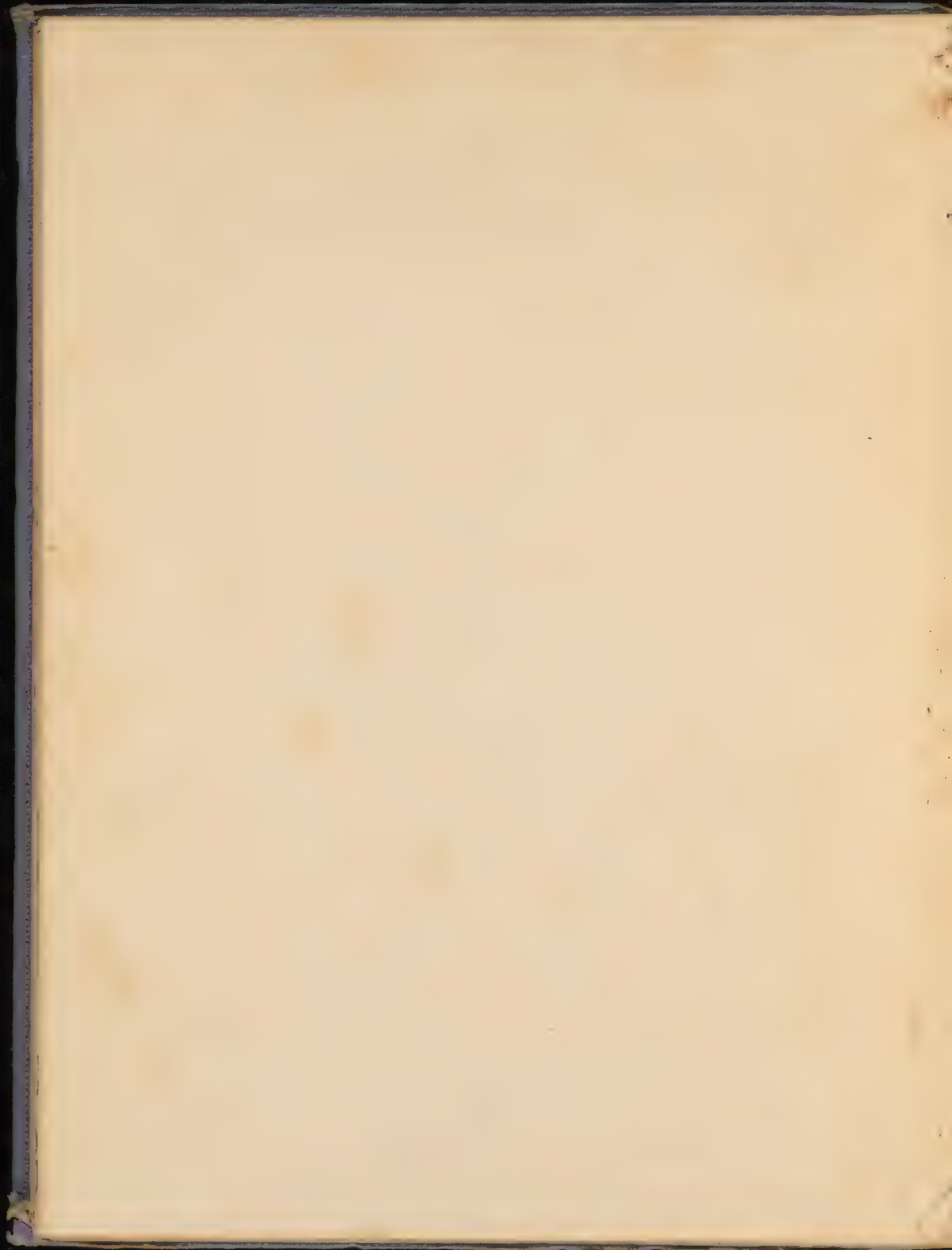
Chasing now the thistle's down,

By the gentle zephyr blown :

Lightly on thou wing'st thy way,

Always happy, always gay.



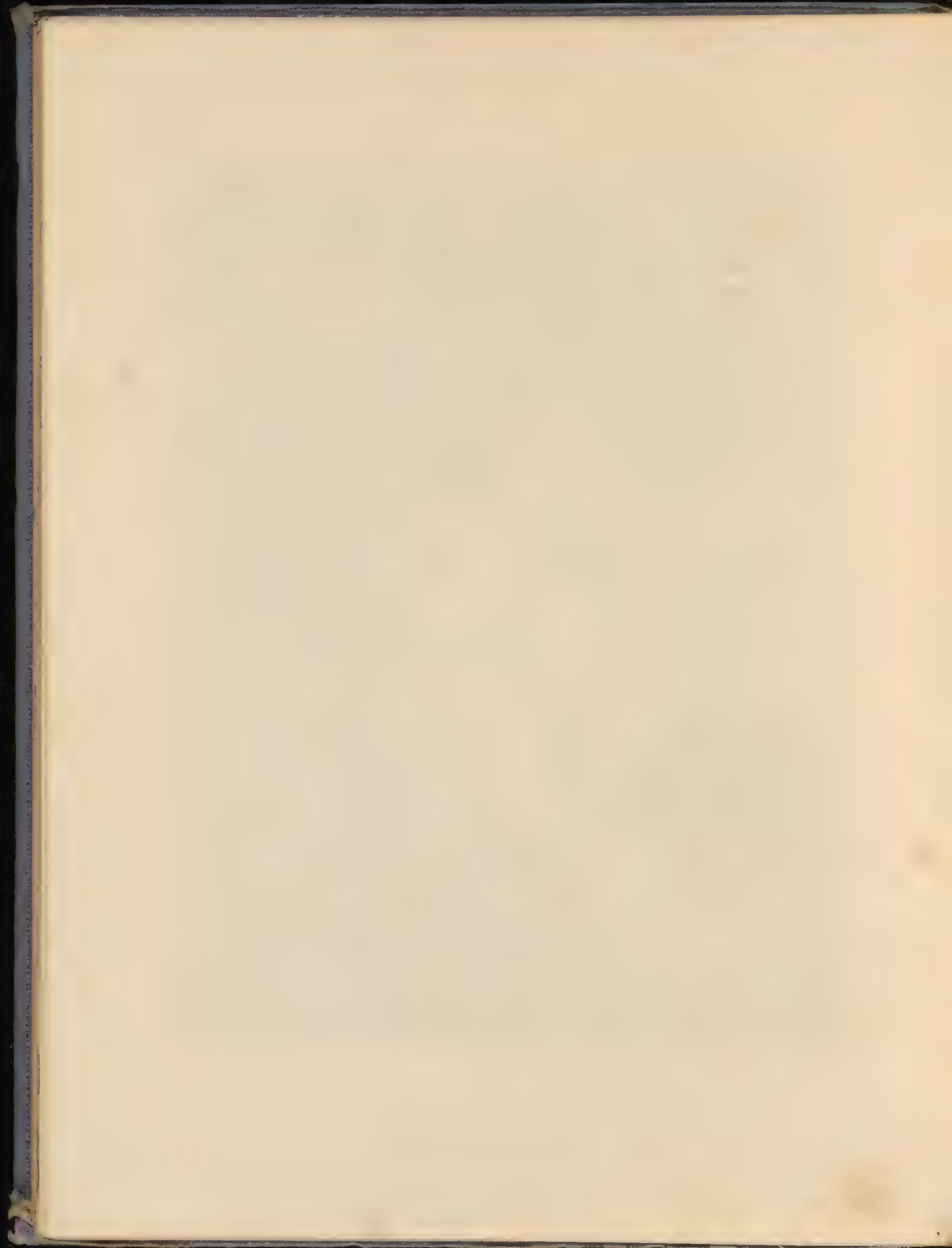












## The Suppliant.



AND thou must leave us for a while; no more that fair young form  
Shall lighten up our fireside, like sunshine after storm;  
No more at early morning time will thy loved voice's tone  
Trill through the dewy air as sweet as 'twere the lintie's own;  
The suppliant, who at thy side now beggeth anxiously,  
No more shall come, with eager bound, to ask his food from thee;  
No more with low beseeching whine shall glance up to thy face,—  
Far other suppliant shall fill his long accustom'd place.  
Yet may thy step bound light and free, still may thy laugh ring clear,  
Though other haunts shall claim that step, that laugh glad others' ear;  
May through thy Summer shine Love's sun, or, if it ere should set,  
May the full moon of Hope and Peace soften thy keen regret.  
Rare runs a life through happily, and if not so with thee,  
Still may thy breast from sorrow caused by thine own sin be free;  
And if thy tears shall sometimes fall, may they ne'er cause a stain,  
But leave thee like the Summer hills, the lovelier after rain.  
May Autumn's sad and sombre hue not harm thy joy's deep root,  
But make thy blessedness more bless'd, as flower turns to fruit;  
And may the Winter frost of Age rest kindly on thy brow,  
Thy heart be ever green as Youth, though white thy head as snow;  
And may'st thou always still through life find friends as strong and tried,  
As firm and free, and true to thee, as him now by thy side.

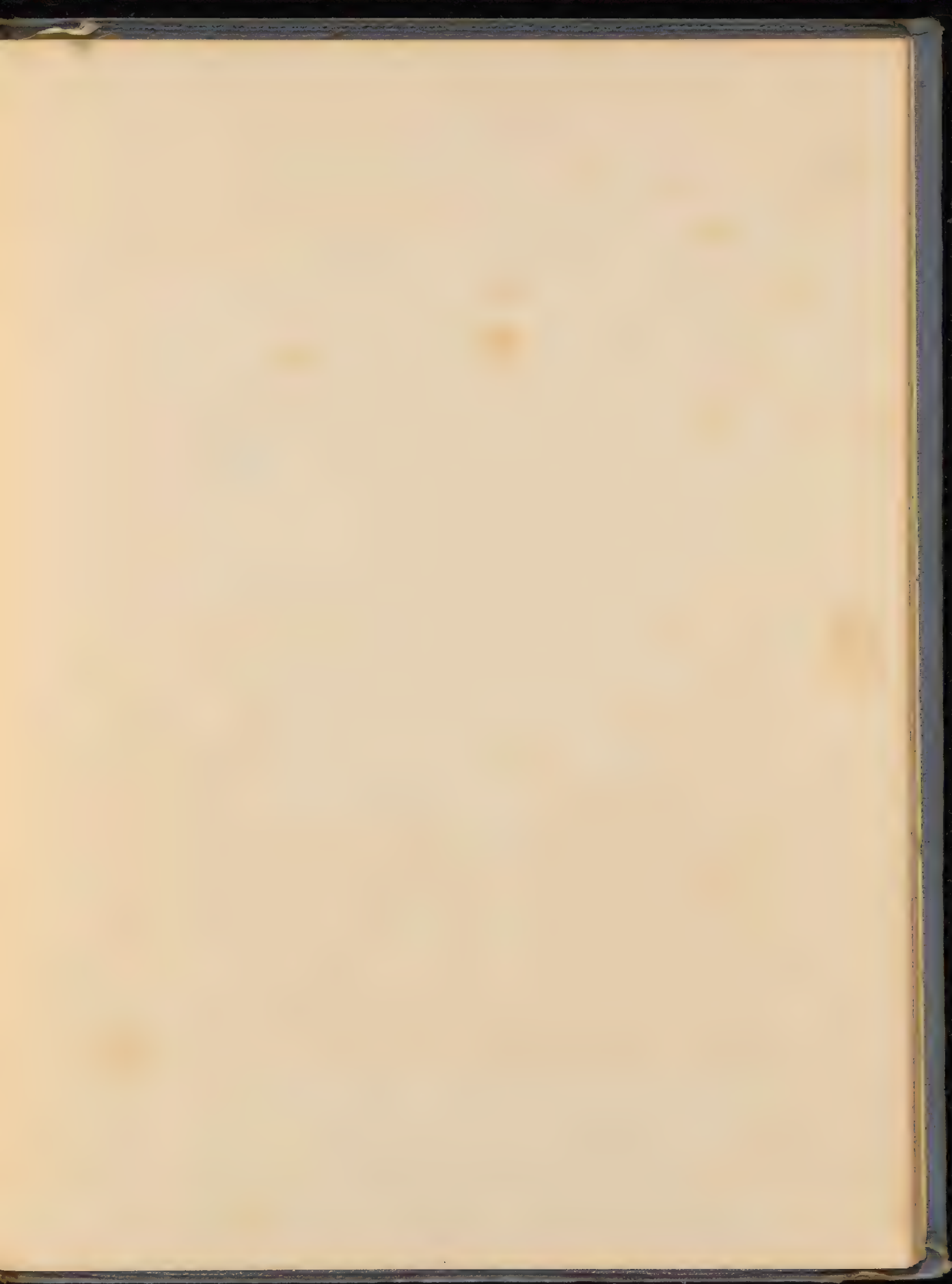








HAPPY DAYS.

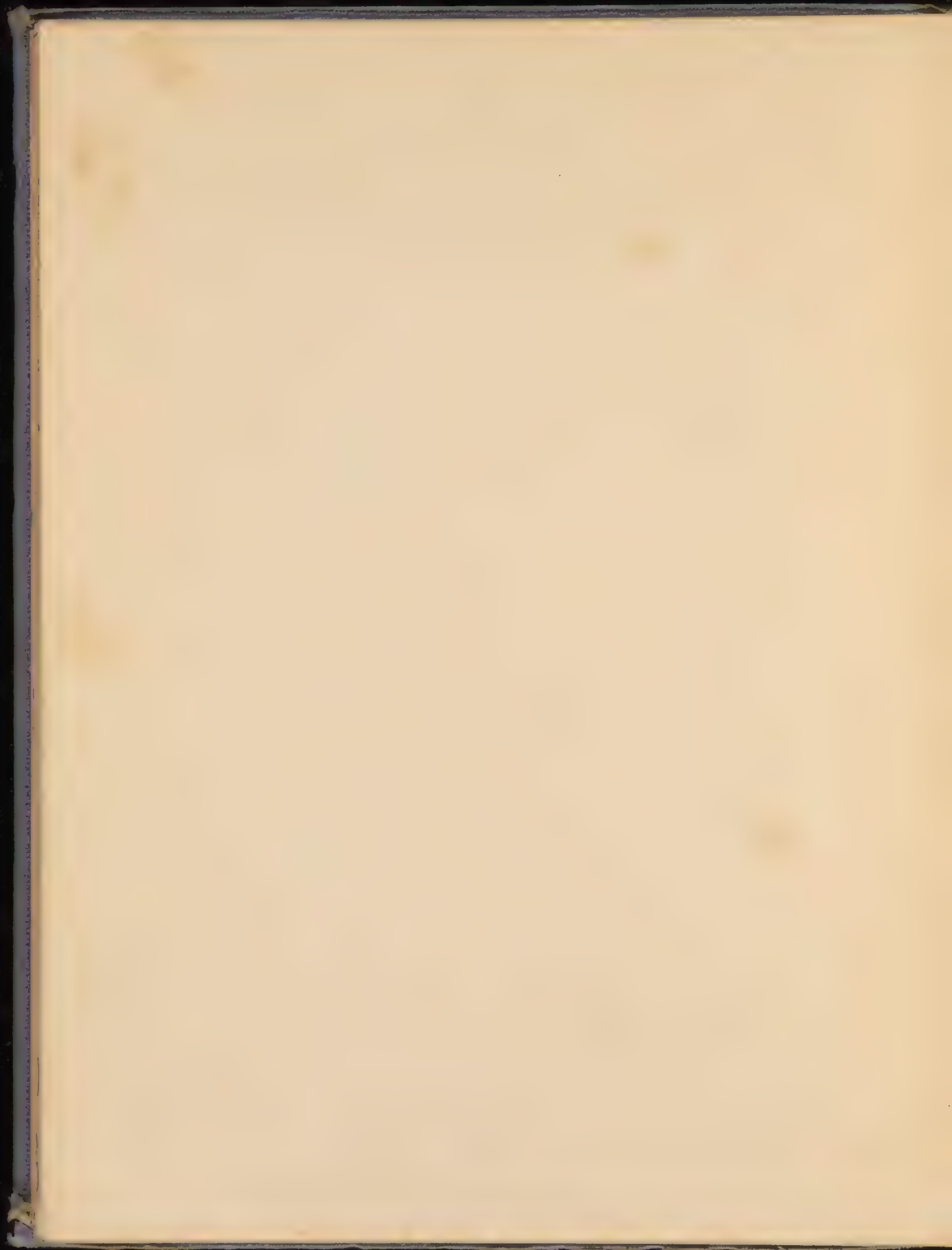




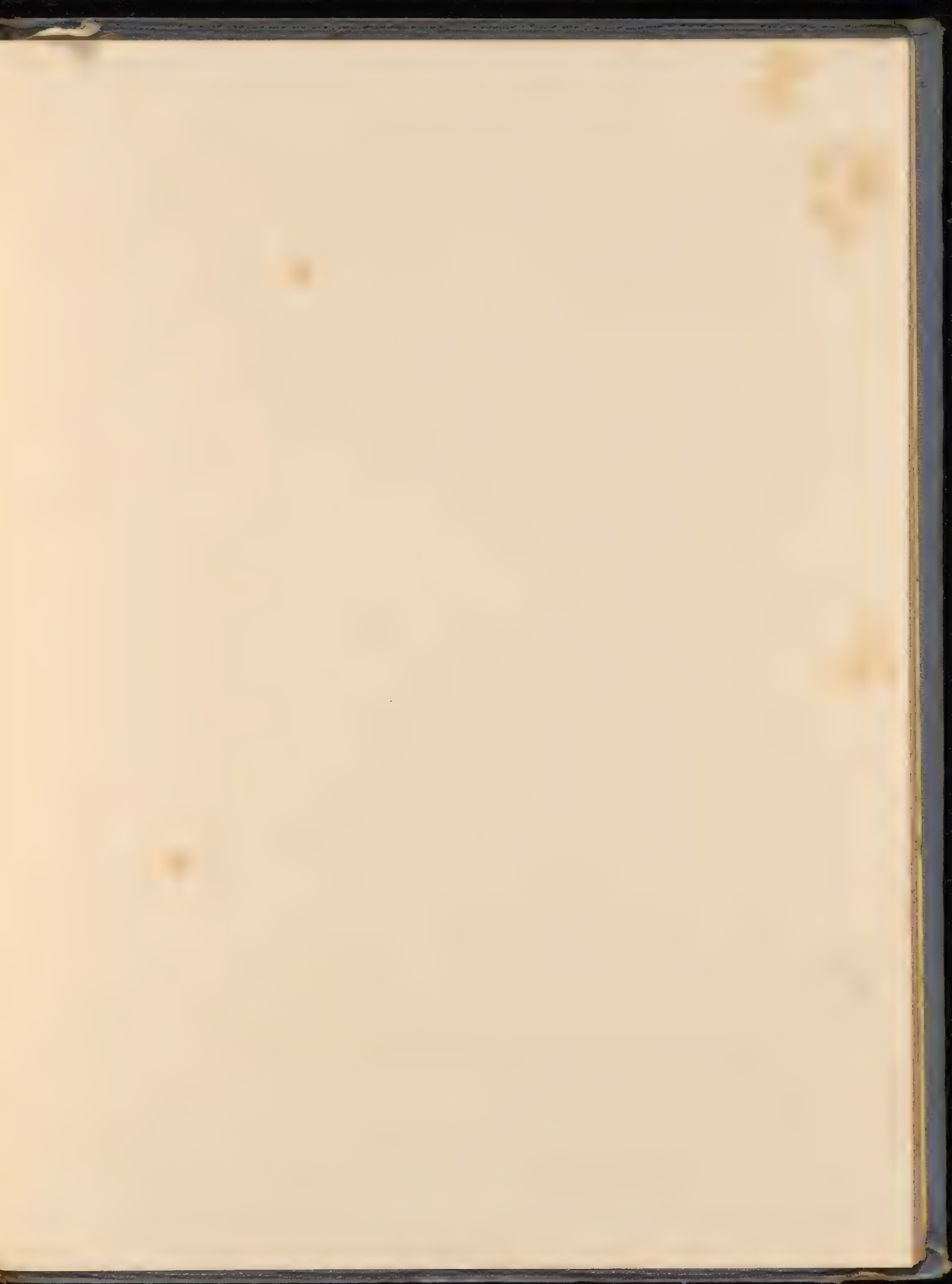
## Happy Days.



STRANGE, as you look upon a little child,  
To think of all the power of good or ill,  
The strength of doing either as he will,  
Which lieth hid behind his brow so mild ;—  
That from this little spring may wander forth  
A brattling mountain-torrent fierce and wild,  
Or a sweet river may from it be fill'd  
With power to bless and to enrich the earth.  
Will he be satisfied to live unknown,  
As lived his sire, in the dull rustic round—  
First weary till, then lie beneath, the ground,  
Unloved, uncared for, saving by his own ;  
Or, spurning at so poor though safe a fate,  
Aim at a larger portion in the State ?  
Men have, ere this, been callèd from the plough  
To fill a lofty station—so may he ;  
Or live his village life contentedly,  
With fewer wrinkles gather'd round his brow.

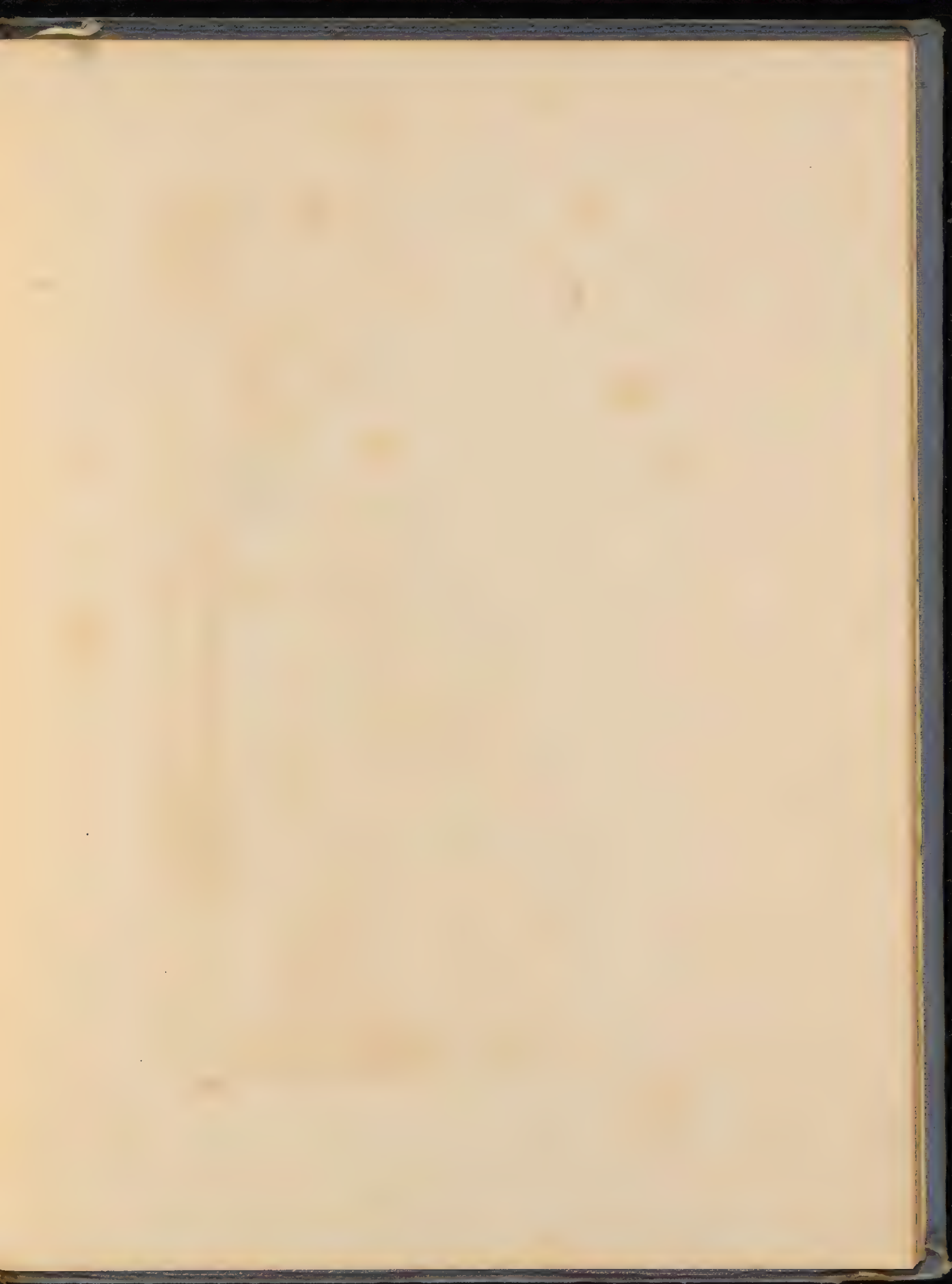








ON THE COAST OF SORRENTO.





## Sorrento.



ORRENTO! though the tideless sea which breaks  
Upon thy shore hath touch'd full many a coast  
Of fabled beauty or historic boast,  
Yet doth it wash none other which awakes  
Visions of more magnificence than thine,  
Where loveliness and grandeur well combine,  
And whence a Poet \* to the whole world came,  
Soothing and gladdening the hearts of men  
With the sweet tidings of his magic pen.  
Yet had he to endure their hate and scorn,  
And not till, worn and weary, laid he down  
His life, did he receive the deathless crown :  
For never may the Poet's crown be worn,  
Save first the Poet's cross be long and meekly borne.

\* Tasso.

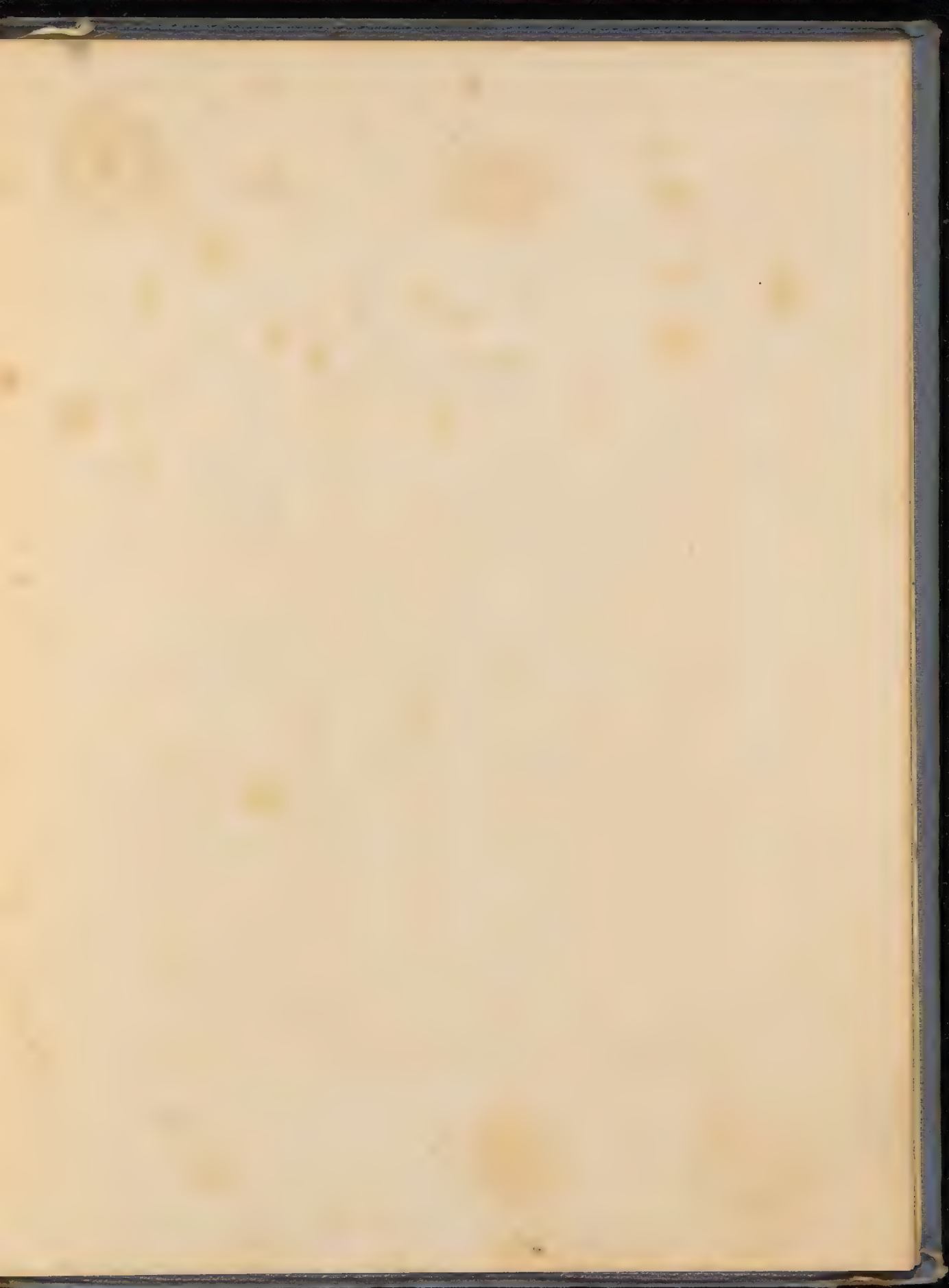


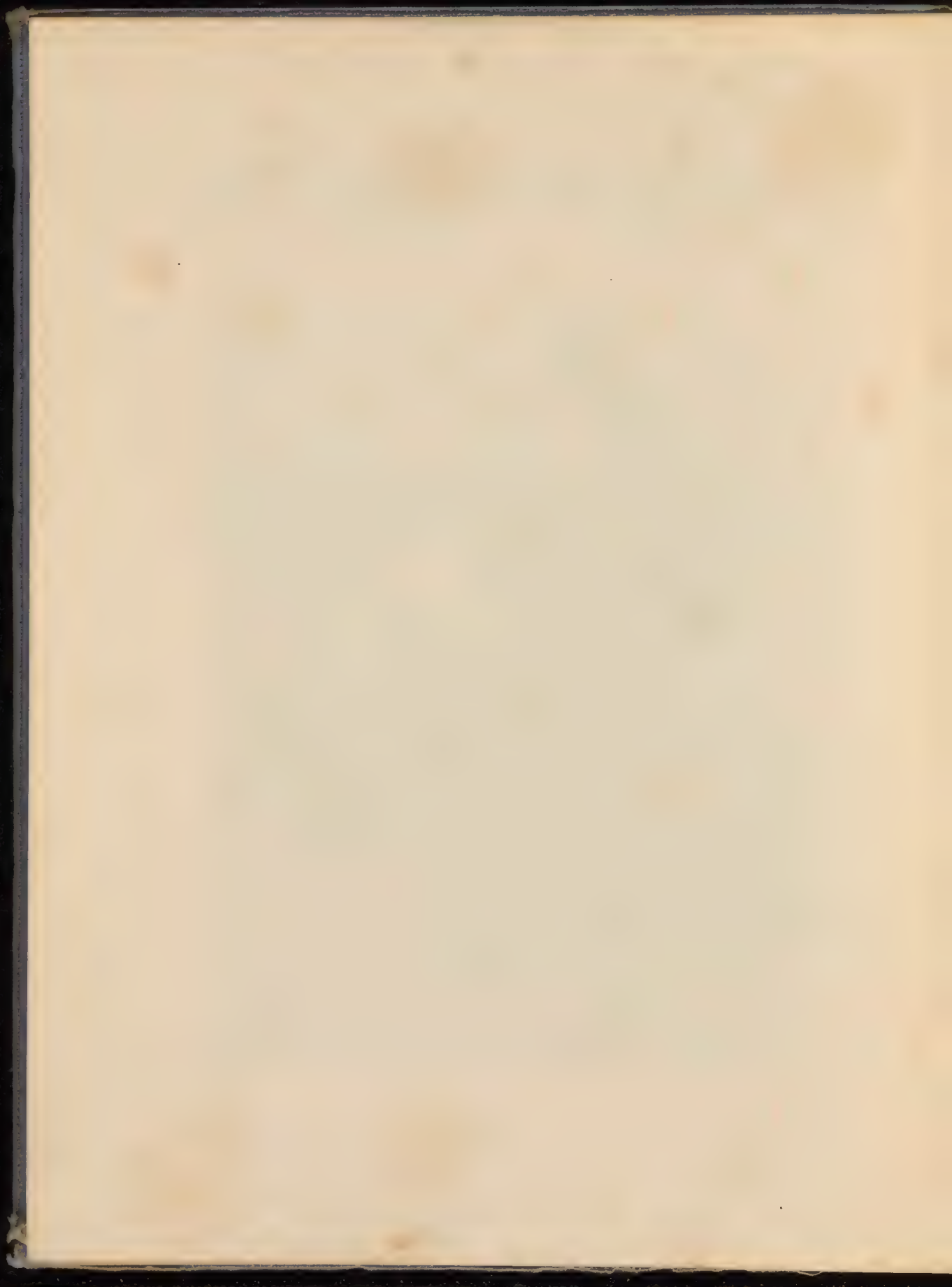






THE SAILOR LOOKS.







## The Sailor Boy.



REAMS of the Past and Future—which are fairest?

We all have both, and if we had them not,

Then thrice unhappy were our earthly lot.

Dreaming in Youth of days which shall be rarest

In choicest blessings, when we have grown old ;

Dreaming in Age of Youth's time, still the dearest,

Of scenes more lasting we shall soon behold.

Thus dreaming on, our little lives we spend,

And ever float along Life's rapid stream,

Until we near the ever-nearing end,

And hear the murmuring of Time's sad sea

Beating the dim shore of Eternity :

Then true alone things of the Future seem,

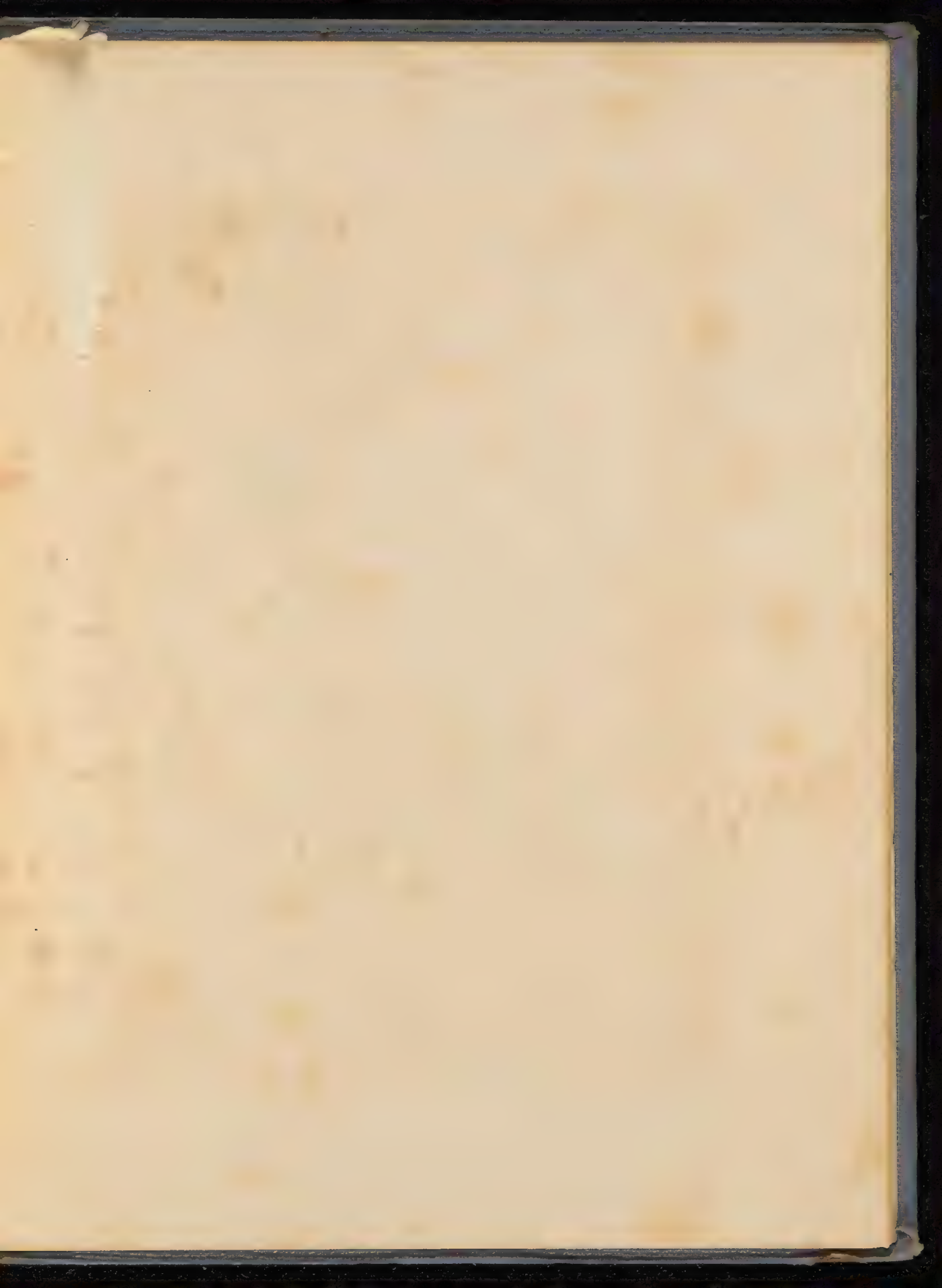
Things Past and Present but a night's short dream.



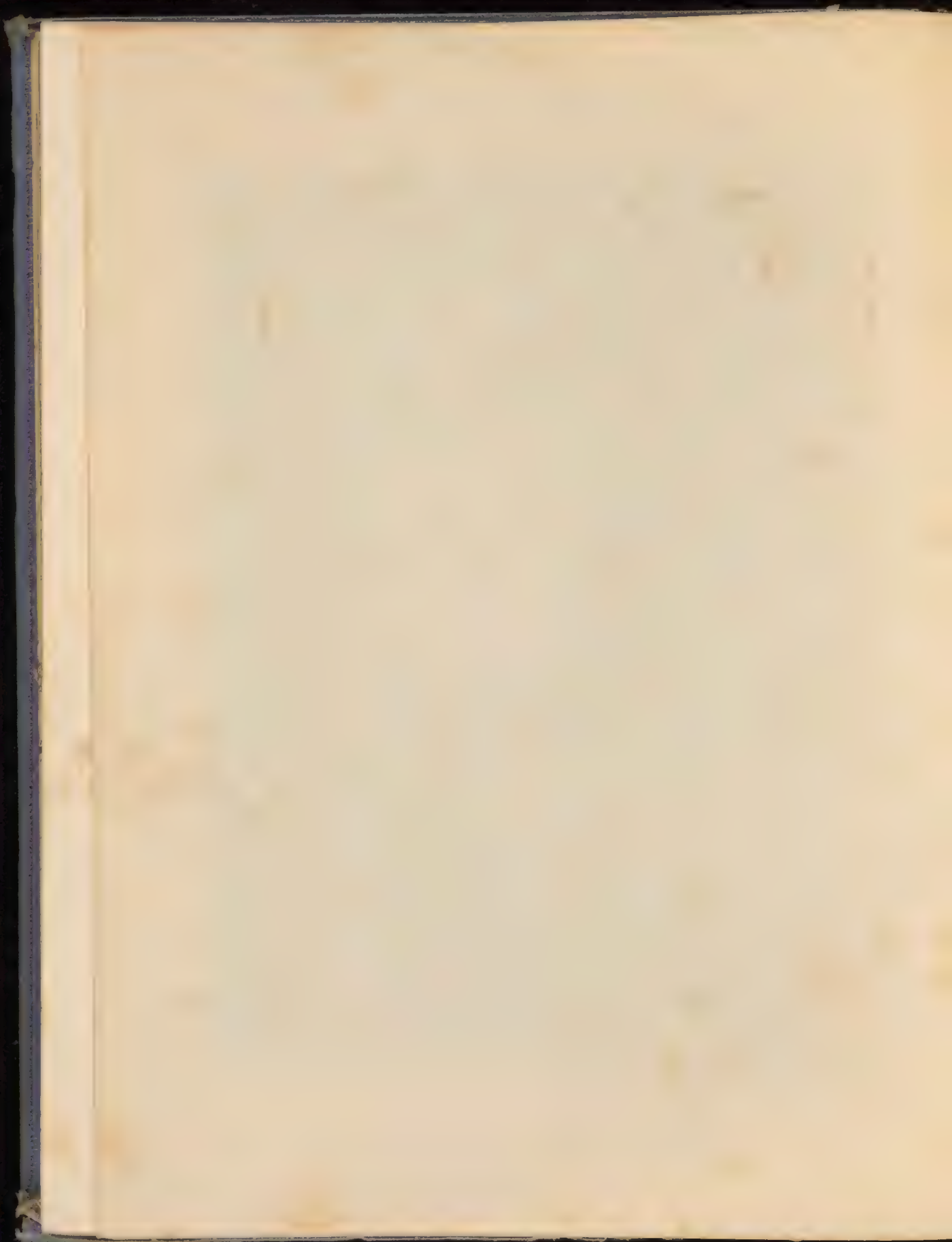




THE FERI





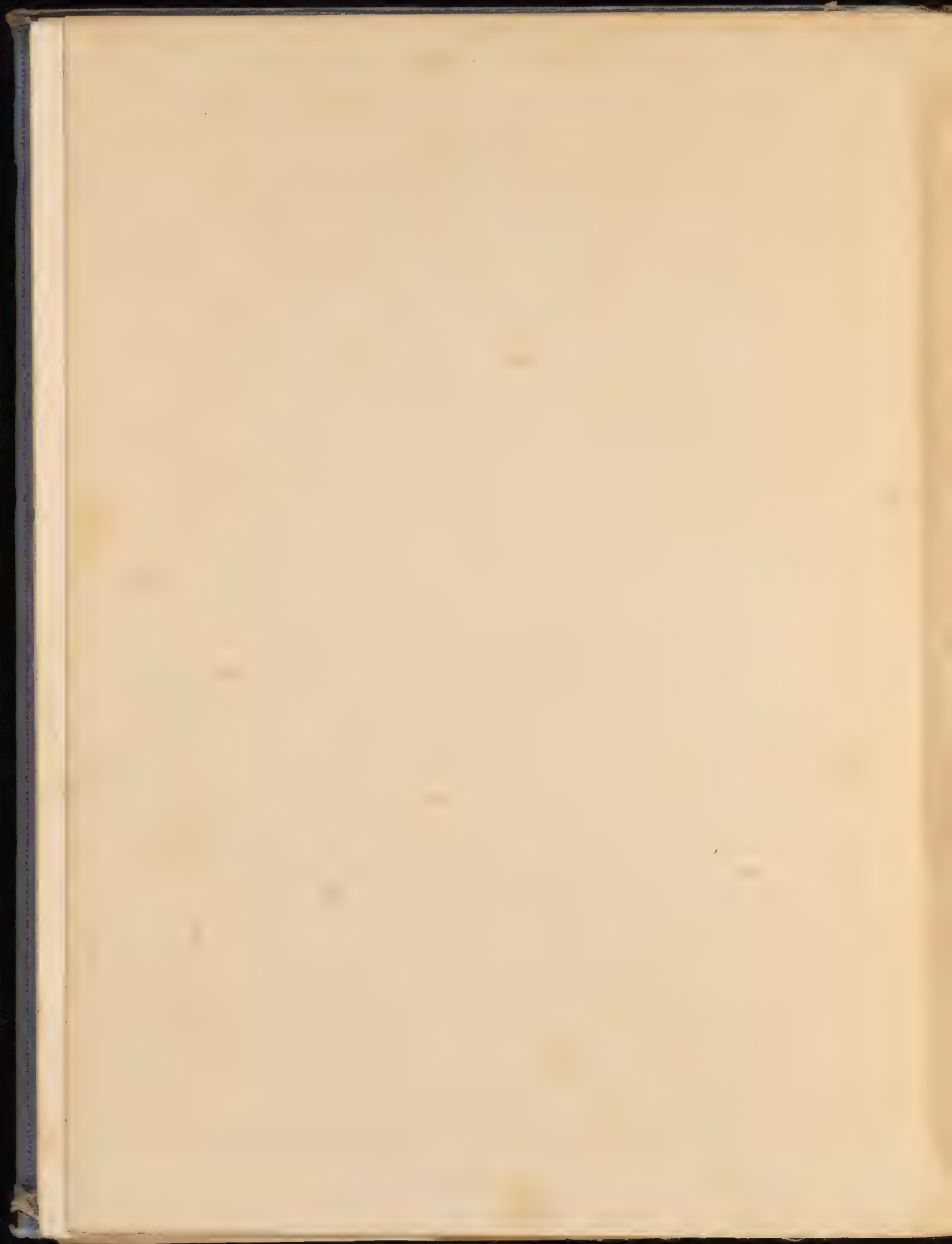


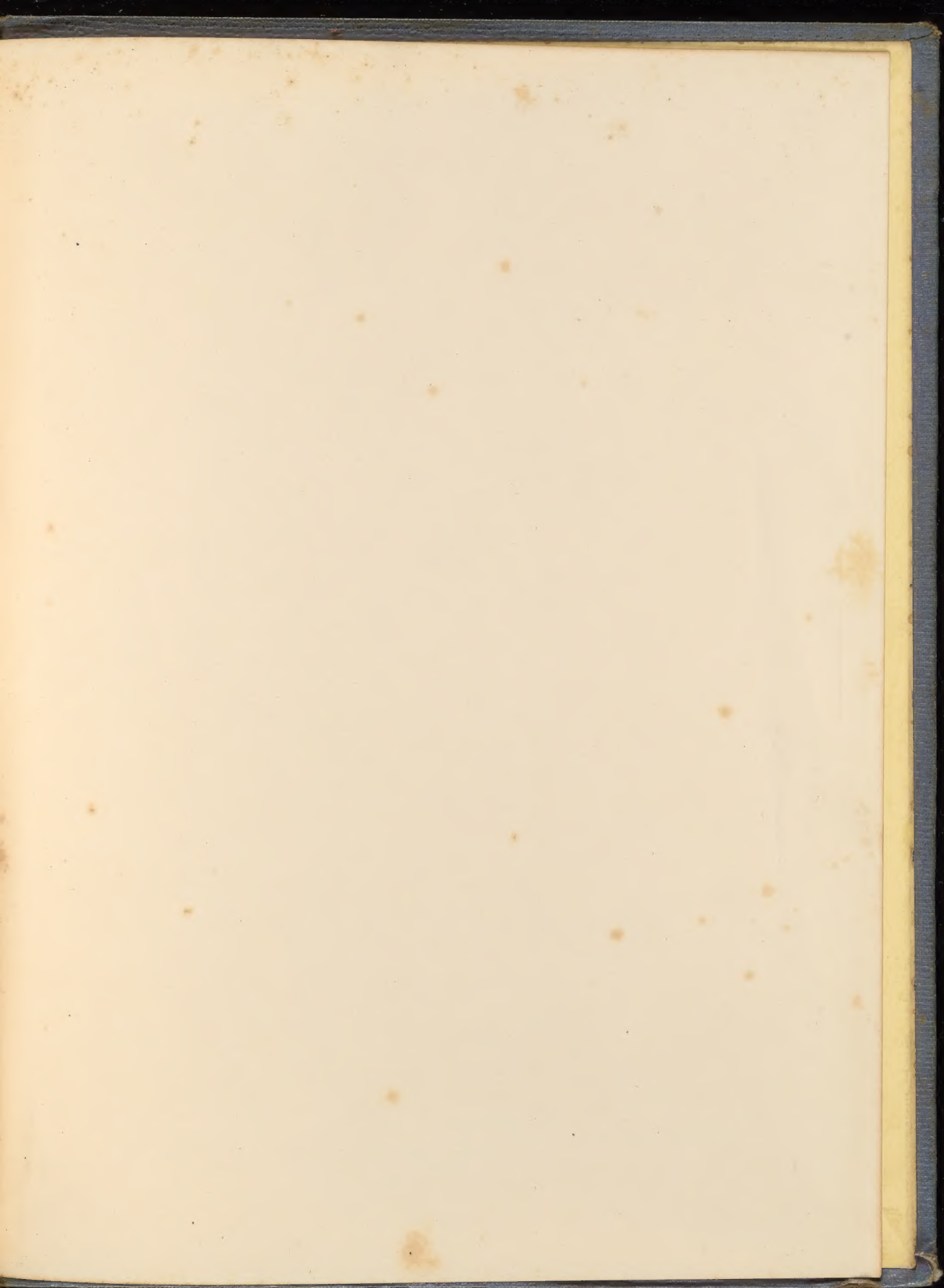
## The Peri.

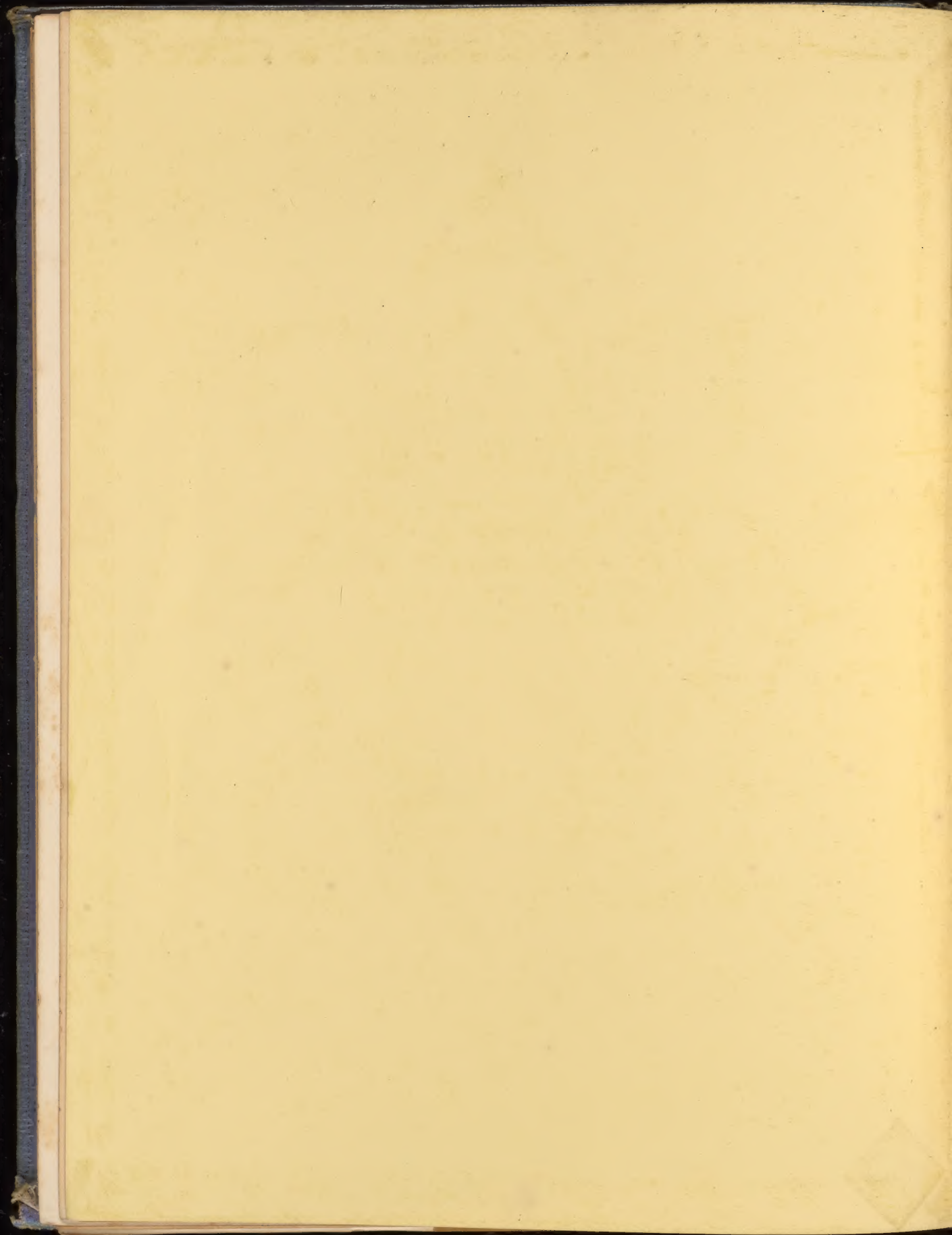


ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !  
  
"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all !"

MOORE.











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